

# Oxford Drollery; Being NEW POEMS, AND SONGS.

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The first Part, composed by W. H.

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The Second and third Parts being, upon several occasions, made by the most Eminent and Ingenious Wits of the said University.  
And Collected by the same Author.

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*The like never before published.*

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OXFORD,

Printed for J.C. and are to be sold by Thomas Palmer  
at the Sign of the Crown in Westminster  
Hall, 1671.



# To the READER.

Reader,

I Now appear a second time in Print,      in't  
Urg'd by some friends, who think there's something  
VVorthy thy view : if so, and that content  
May fit upon thy brow : be confident  
I shall requite it : For I have been nibbling  
At something else, cal'd by th' vulgar quibling,  
VVhich will appear in a more modern dress  
Than I have known, or seen come out o'th' Press.  
I'll say no more, lest I come off bluely,  
And take my leave this twenty fish of July,  
The very day on which so loud it thundred,  
In Anno sev'nty just, and fifteen hundred :  
Dated, yea dated at Shipton upon Charwel,  
Some four short miles from Oxford : so farewell.

W. Hickes.



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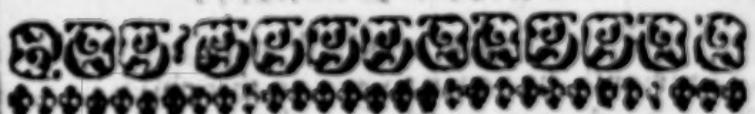
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Crown in Westminster-Hall.

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# Oxford Drollery.

## The first Part.

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### A Bull Droll.

Tune is, I prethee sweet hearts come tell me and  
do not lye now.

Let tell you a jest I never did know in my life  
Of a man that was marry'd before he met with his  
wife. he kist her and culd her, and led her hither and  
ther marry'd they were before they came together,  
her belly was up before she was got with childe  
which made him with madoes grow framick, tame  
and milde. And she to excuse it told him then in scorne(borne,  
was gotten, some threescore years before it was  
y aroch, quoth he, I never saw such another,  
that the child should be gotten, before the father  
and mother who ha

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Their

# Oxford Drollery.

Then upstart *Dick* that was both tame and milde,  
 And furiously he began to excuse this child.  
 Quoth he about some fifty yeares agoe,  
 I met this child a walking to and fro,  
 With a basket of butter-milk hanging on his arme  
 And a Cloak of Snow to keep his body warme  
 My little Boy quoth he, now we are met,  
 Wee'l walk a mile together, so down we set;  
 And as we sate me thought he walke too fast.  
 And by sitting still, did make the greater haste.  
 Then I in silence askt him whe'r he was able,  
 To let me know his life an' death from's cradle  
 He sat him down and pausd a little while,  
 And with a sad and mournful look did smile.  
 Quoth he Ile tell you more then I do know,  
 And when you find it truth you'll swear 'tis so.  
 My father was single before he marryed a wife,  
 And Weaving of Oaken Planks was his trade of life.  
 My mother was a Justice of peace's Clarke,  
 And Joyning of bodies was her trade in the dark.  
 And I in that same manner was got I know,  
 Caule before I was born my mother did tell me so.  
 My mother was cleanly too, I now must tell ye,  
 Both for the back and also for the belly.  
 She once did go to milk in dirty weather,  
 And dag'd her coats so that they stuck together,  
 And there it hung from *Candlemas* until *May*,  
 Then she took a Hatchet and chopt it clean away.

And

And when she went ith' field to milk her Cow  
She miikt in the paile wherein she serv'd her Sow.  
She alwayes set her foot upon a block,  
And strain'd her Milk through the skirt of her Smock  
And when she laid her Cheese upon the shelf,  
Sie never would touch it till't could turn it self.  
And when she went with her Butter to th' market cios;  
No other signe was but the print of her Thumb.  
Sie never usd to make her Butter i'th Churm,  
For she said it neither would be good nor fume.  
Nor made it not as other woren do.  
But with her Bum she kneads it to and fro,  
One thing now must I tell you for her honour,  
She once had got a loofeness strong upon her  
Then we dein'd her let alone the Butter  
At that same time least any out should flutter,  
She told us no, and gave us reasons store.  
Which we in conscience could desire no more,  
Quoth she when that's got in, the dish is the fuller.  
And it makes it of a lovely yellow colour,  
And being so the fitter 'tis for sale,  
For the Butter's never good that looketh pale,  
And they that would not row believe her reason,  
'Tis fit they shuld talk her Butter being in season.  
She never would be drunk with any men ;  
But always sometimes, for most part, now and then.  
Her going to the A'chouse was not thought a crime,  
For while they late there she spun her thread of  
time.

And what she spun, she reeled all the way,  
 That often I have heard my Father to say,  
 No man was so blest nor happy in a Wife as he  
 For cleanliness, comeliness, and for modesty.  
 Nay, I had two Aunts, the Sisters of my Mother,  
 For cleanliness you could not know one from t' other,  
 And yet my Mother was the best of the three,  
 That you all must say a cleanly woman was she.

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## The second Part of the Full Droll.

**M**Y Father once did sit him down to spin, (skin)  
 And She for's Dinner did best him a Hare. <sup>ib</sup>  
 O Wife, quoth he, methinks 'tis very tough,  
 'T may be, quoth she, it is not boild enough;  
 And leſt that it, my Dear, shou'd make you ſick,  
 We'll boile it agen, and 't will make the Porridge thick.  
 Then unto his Dinner he begon to fall,  
 And put a piece in's chop, skin, hare, and all;  
 Which ſtruck ſo ſoft he coulde not get it down,  
 Spue't up again, quoth she, there arrant Clean  
 She then took up the dish, skin, hare, and all,  
 And beſt it ſo that none beside ſhou'd fall;  
 Then he began to kick with might and main,  
 But ſtriving ſo hard he brake his Aſſegeant wiſe;  
 She fearing then the other w<sup>t</sup>ry would come,  
 Shou'red about and clap'd it to his Butt;

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And just as for the dish had turn'd about,  
 It flounce so fast that it came whirling out ;  
 O now, quoth she we shall have dain y f'ret,  
 For we have got most excellent sauce to ch' Hare ;  
 With striv'ng he began to kuff and poff,  
 Hold, hold, quoth she, I think we have enough ;  
 Of Vinegar and Mustard we have more,  
 I pray good Husband let us have no more ;  
 And holding down her head so near his Rump,  
 To satisfie her self whither all were come ;  
 It came so fast it dam'd her pretty Face,  
 Her Goan and Raff in a m'st pitiful case i-  
 Had you but seen how it did ly'e in Flakes,  
 By th' smell and sight you'd thinke it had been a Ja'yer ;  
 To cleanse it then her wit was at a stand,  
 At last into the sauce she dip'd her hand ;  
 And with the thinnest part did wash her Face,  
 Just o're the dish, a most convenient place ;  
 And with the same she also wip'd his Cock,  
 His Thighs, his Leggs, and also his Bustock ;  
 Then unto Dinner down they both did sit,  
 And just as he in's mouth had put a bit,  
 He tol'd her that the sauce was very sour,  
 And pray'd her that from S'nger In, she'd p'fer ;  
 She quickly rose, and nimbly put it in,  
 And with her hand did stir the thick and skin ;

And what she spun, she reeled all the way,  
 That often I have heard my Father say  
 No man was so blest nor ha  
 For cleanliness, comeliness,  
 Nay, I had two Aunt's  
 For cleanliness you cou'd see  
 And yet my Mother wes b  
 That you all must say a clea

## The second Part o

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**M**Y Father once di<sup>d</sup> sit: Li  
 And She for's Dinner  
 O Wife, quoth he, m<sup>e</sup>chines  
 'I m<sup>e</sup>re, quoth she, it is no  
 And left that it, my Dear, from  
 W<sup>e</sup>. I boile<sup>d</sup> egen, and 't<sup>e</sup>ll me  
 Then unto his Dinner he bega<sup>n</sup>  
 And put a piece in's ch<sup>e</sup>p<sup>t</sup>, skin, t<sup>e</sup>...  
 Which stuck so fast he could not get it down,  
 Spue<sup>t</sup> up agen, quoth she, thou arrant Cloan  
 She then took up the dish, skin, bare, and all,  
 And beld it so that none beside shou'd fall;  
 Then he began to kick with might and main,  
 But striving so hard he brake his A<sup>r</sup>gent v<sup>in</sup>;  
 She fearing then the other w<sup>y</sup> would come,  
 She turn'd about and clap'd it to his Bum;

And

AND. BAD. PRINT  
KES. SEVERAL  
APPEAR BLURRED  
THIS BOOK.]

~~An witty Husband~~. Shirt, much like a Tie,  
She at that time her lovely Face did wipe;  
And with the same she also wip'd his Cock,  
His Thighs, his Legs, and also his Buttack;  
Then unto Dinner down they both did sit,  
And just as he in's mouth had put a bit,  
He told her that the sauce was very sharp,  
And pray'd her, that some Sugar in she'd pour;  
She quickly rose, and nimbly put it in,  
And with her hand did stir the thick and skin;

And what she spun, she reeled all the way,  
 That often I have heard my Father to say,  
 No man was so blest nor happy in a Wife as he  
 For cleanliness, countness, and for modesty.  
 Nay, I had two Aunts, the Sisters of my Mother,  
 For clearness you could not know one from t' other,  
 And yet my Mother was the best of the three,  
 That you all must say a cleanly woman was she.

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The second Part of the *I'll Droll.*

**M**Y Father once did sit him down to spin, (skin)  
 And She for's Dinner did her selfe a Hare. (ib.)  
 O Wife, quoth he, methinks 'tis very tough,  
 'T may be, quoth she, it is not boild enough;  
 And left that it, my Dear, should make you sick,  
 W. I boil'd it agen, and 't will make th. Porridge thick.  
 Then unto his Dinner he beg a to fall,  
 And put a piece in's ch. p., skin, hare, and all;  
 Which stuck so fast he could not get it down,  
 Spue't up agen, quoth she, thou art Clean.  
 She then took up the dish, skin, hare, and all,  
 And held it so that none beside shou'd fall;  
 Then he began to kick with might and main,  
 But striving so hard he brake his Achgue w. in 3  
 She fearing then the other w. y'would come,  
 She turn'd about, and clap'd it to his Bum;

# Oxford Drollery.

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And just as she the dish had turn'd al ova,  
It flounce: so fast that it came whirling out;  
O now, quoth she we shall have din y f'ret;  
For we have got most excellent sauce to th' Hare;  
With striv'ng he began to kuff and pass,  
Hold, hold, quoth she, I think we have enough;  
Of Vinegar and Mustard we have store,  
Pray good Husband let us have no more;  
And holding down her head so near his Bum,  
To satisfie her self whither all were come;  
It came so fast it dam'd her pretty Face,  
Her Goan and Ruff in a most pitifal case;  
Had you but seen how it did lyne in Fleches,  
By th' smell and sight you'd think's had been a Ja'ys;  
To cleanse it then her wit was at stand,  
A: last into the sauce she dip'd her hand;  
And with the thinnest part did wash her Face,  
Just o're the dish, a most convenient place;  
And with her Husband's Shirt, much like a Tri'e,  
She at that time her lovely Face did wipe;  
And with the same she also wip'd his Cock,  
His Thights, his Leggs, and also his Buttack;  
Then unto Dinner down they both did sit,  
And just as he in's mouth had put a bit,  
He tol'd her that the sauce was very sourr,  
And pray'd her shat some Sugar in she'd p'ser;  
She quickly rose, and nimbly put it in,  
And with her hand did stir the thick and skin;

Methinks quoth he it now hath got a swar,  
 Yet, yes, quoth she, I may think you fair that swar.  
 For had it not from your blind cheeke come,  
 We had din'd to day no better then Juck druze.  
 And just as they together sat at dinnir,  
 A man came in who the day before had gumber.  
 A pot or two of nappy Ale and Beer,  
 Then they invited him to their good cheare.  
 And being sat he had not sitten long,  
 Fough, fough, quoth he, methinks 'tis very strong.  
 In truth quoth she the Haw's as sweet as a Nut,  
 And thef face is the Juice of my poore husband's gut.  
 Then he fell to as it's had been for's life,  
 And wif's that he had there his loving wife,  
 W'as might partake of that same lovely dish,  
 Quoth he and she we both the same doe wifk.  
 At it so much his guts began to ramble,  
 His head to ache, and his stomacke to grumble.  
 Methinks quoth she your husband's very queasy,  
 That such a good dish as this shou'de eate disease you.  
 O! Oh! quoth he I find i am fit dead,  
 Then she p'ore heart began to hit his head.  
 And sent her husband for to fetch him a Cap,  
 But before it came, he spew'd up all instep.  
 She took up her apron and swole it clean away,  
 And with it wip'd his mouth, then down he lay.  
 She frowns a Com'erpit that stood hard by  
 Took out a Corset for his ready.

And smelling it the sent did not him plese,  
 But swore the remedy was worse then the disease.  
 And having slept, he then did sweat again,  
 And she with the Coverlet did rub him clean.  
 Then up he gat and crav'd unto the d'or,  
 And being come home, unto his wife he swore,  
 That he would never more touch any Hair,  
 Be it ne're so good : husband says she forlorn,  
 For if you mean that hair-brain'd oath to keep,  
 You never more in bed with me shall sleep.  
 For 'tis the greatest credit you c're can have,  
 A Hair-finder to be counted to your graven.

Thus have you seen, felt, heard, and understood,  
 The life of my dear parents and their food,  
 Which if't be good I think I then have fit yet,  
 And so fall to and lie say much goodditt'y.  
 And so I take my leave, without any p'ring,  
 For my fathers purging much did fling his farting.

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### On a well featur'd Gentlewoman.

**I**N rime dear love I humbly crave the favour,  
 Thy unparallel'd parts to blisz : that so a s'rue  
 May remain unto posterity : leavit when,  
 Our Poets should begin to write agen,

Of Beauty they for want thereof might say,  
 For want of thee all Beauty's fled away :  
 And having nought to work on will conclude,  
 Whatsoe'er they do 'twill be but bald and rude ;  
 Which to prevent the Fates have thought it fit  
 Tay Pattern them to leave to write by it.

First, for her Head it is oth' largest size,  
 By which you must conclude she's very wise :  
 Then for her Hair, of a burnish'd Carret colour,  
 Which to look on would make ones eyes the duller,  
 Mix'd with a White as Orient as the Pearl,  
 That you may almost say, she's a White-hair'd Girl :  
 And then for strength, I swear by th' BaconGammon  
 Six twisted Hairs did pluck up a lusty Sammon,  
 And all confess that Strength of Hair's a Jewel,  
 Was not Samson so tild, Dailish prov'd cruel ;  
 Besides, it is so thin, that you may plein  
 See round her Head the colour of every Vein :  
 In shorr, it is o'di' Oval form, by which we gather,  
 She is a Bird of Paradise, or the Egg rather.

Then for her Ears, a great and goodly pair,  
 Just like two Hucksters Pouches when they open are  
 Had they but strings to ty'e 'em round about, (out)  
 'Twould keep the Civit in which still is wheezing  
 And at each Ear wherein two Rings are plac'd,  
 Two Jick-weights hang, whereby she shugely grac'd.  
 Then

Then for her Brow, indeed it is as smooth  
As a pleated Gown i'th' back : (yes in good sooth)  
Or an ancient pair of Trunk-hose, and so high  
That it hangs prettily over either eye,  
Which are so wedg'd in that I am proud  
To call them fools that think she's beetle Browd.

Nay, her Eyes so little are, so fine, so hollow,  
You'd think her Head does lovingly them swallow ;  
Not too low neither for she will not fail ye,  
To send some messengers unto ye daily ;  
And to each corner of them kindly sends,  
A juicy cream to entertain her friends ;  
Tis curded at the last, grows very large,  
Where to secure her Eye-light she gives it charge,  
To stay ; from whence her wit doth also flow, that we  
Of the old Proverb may make a veritee,  
That a great Head has little wit that's clear,  
I'm confident the cream o'th' jest lies there ;  
They are circled also with so pure a red,  
Vermilion it self it striketh dead ;  
Nay more than that, that I your bloods might stir all  
It doth excell the purest deepest Corral ;

Then for her Rams-born Nose, poor thing it is  
The greatest wonder of all the rest ; for this  
Being one, yet of a double kind doth share,  
For one o'th' Spouts doth run so fast, you'd swear

A Foot-

## Oxford Drollery.

A footman did beget it, and the other,  
 Quite contrary to its other brother.  
 Runs not at all ; but baggs it self within,  
 Unless sometimes it steal down to the Chin.  
 And sometimes lower, it may be to the wistle,  
 But up it goes agen with greater hast.  
 But with such loving order , that at passing by ,  
 It with the Ruby chin shakes hands truly.  
 But when byth' Snowy lip it glides it kisles ,  
 O whoo'd desire more comfortable blisles .  
 Then tast cf that, soft Sir, meat for your master,  
 Not every one must be an Ambrolian Taster.  
 But the Lipp sometimes o'rejoyed with the taste ,  
 Laps it quite in, fearing it too much halfe .  
 In going back agen, which she poore heart do's swal-  
 Pleas'd with the rarity of colours Green and Yellow  
 It has a dent o'th top just like a War-Horse Saddle,  
 Or like the crooked end of an Iron Paddle.  
 Nay the reipendency of its beames is such ,  
 The Carbuncle in's glory's not half so much.

Then for lips a great and goodly pair,  
 A Cow's are scarce so big, nor half so rare.  
 Nay the purest Silver , if they have fair play ,  
 They may compare with it, 'tis not so white as they.  
 On the top of which, lest cold should do her harme ,  
 They're thatcht with hair poor heart to keep her  
 warme .

And

# Oxford Drollery.

M.

And at each corner when shee's pleas'd to eate,  
A Snowy froth doth hang to season all her meat.  
Then for her Mouth so lovely wide (poor wretch)  
From ear to ear she alwaies doth it stretch.  
And though some peoples mouthes are very narrow,  
Yet she by her mothers side descended from a Spar-  
A penny loafe goes in with little adoe. (row.  
Being butter'd with the froth that hangs thereto.

Then for her tongue, the Cows is not more Neat,  
For roughnes and for bignes so compleate,  
That if you saw the Cowes and hers together,  
You'd question which had loveliest tongue of either.  
And when she speakes Thunder is not so lowd  
In selfe : of which shees not a little proud.  
Nay more then that when she is pleas'd to sing,  
The hills some 2 miles off will echo with the ring.

Her teeth are of a comely Watcher hue,  
For those smal store she has, indeed they are very few.  
For being almost toothless, we may say,  
That she's a harmeless creature : and I'll lay  
A wager, for their colour they shall vie,  
With the truest Turkeys stome for truest die.  
Nay there is hope that she will e're long,  
Loose those sh: has, by her daily clapping tongue,  
Which shee's so us'd to, that it needs must soften,  
The poor remainder, by being jogg'd so often.

Tren

## Oxford Drollery:

Then for her breath it is so very strong,  
That dead men smelling it, it will their lives pre-  
(long.

Her cheeks like doggs do flag about, and swags  
Still up and down like two good leatherne bags;  
And then for paleness, this I needs must tell ye,  
They may compare with the very whitest lilly.

Then for her chin, I will you not much troublie  
With the description, it is some ten times double,  
And double chins are counted ornamental,  
At which a snotty jewel hangs most oriental:

And under which a neck of colour tawny,  
Which is the Turks true beauty: a pair of brawny  
Arms, and Shoulders to support it; at which  
Two hands are fastened, that go thorow stitch.  
Have you seen a good large shoulder of Mutton.  
One hand of hers, I warrant you for a button,  
Be't spoke unto her most eternal fame, (same,  
It excels in breadth, in thickness, and in length the  
And to e'ch finger to warble it on the Citern,  
Fine nails she has like to the claws of a Littern,  
Her fingers are not long, tha's to make leather  
dear.

The longest scarce an inch, but lovely thick I swear.  
And least her fingers shortness should do her wrong,  
Her nails that want supplies, they be so very long.

And

## Oxford Drollery.

13

And as I have been told her Grannum being dead,  
Did rise again ; and to believ' t I am lead  
By this same reason ; 'cause we a story have,  
That long nails scratch their Grannum out o'dh'  
Grave.

Besides all this she has another gift,  
To have no waste at all, there's so much thrift,  
And having then no waste, shee needs must make a  
favour,

When she is pleas'd behind to let us taste her favour,  
Which from her blind cheeke, when it out doth come  
Twould do ones heart good then to be out o'th' room  
But if the room be close as many times they are,  
In two hours time be sure you must not enter there,  
For with one crack I heard it from a brother,  
She blew a Stool from one end of the room to t'other

Her breasts like satchels, hang below her belly,  
To hide the thing you wot of; of which to tell you,  
I am much ashamed, but yet be rul'd by me,  
Not once to tast of the forbidden-tree,  
Least searching further than is fit to pass,  
Instead of fruit as *Madam*, you embrace an *Oyster-tree*.

Then to support this glorious Fabrick, enter  
A brace of lovely thighs, neighbours o' th' venter,  
Which lawfully we may call lusty columns,  
In praise of which one may write many volumes.

400

And all too little, because they are too bigg,  
 And serve her brave to dance a merry jigg,(plenty,  
 Which when she doe's, though of pillars there are  
 Yet to support the room we then had need of twenty  
 For when the b'm(poor thing) at any time doth crack  
 Tae thighs so near needs must hear it speak.  
 Indeed it is a comfort being posset with griefe,  
 To impart ones mind to those that may afford relief.  
 My meaning's thus, as being over-hot,  
 The wind from thence would cool a boyling pot.

Then for her Leggs, as strait as any Bow.  
 Which you will quickly find if you'l but peep below  
 And for her calf she now I say doth mean  
 To increase it much, because it is so leane.  
 And to increase ith calfe, as I said before,  
 She daily feeds on Veal, and that good store.  
 For the calf and small in bignes are so even,  
 That one to decide it, was of his wits bereaver.  
 And for her smull it is so very big,  
 It covers both her Ankle, that you must digg  
 To see 'um : which brings me to her Feer,  
 Which does me good to see her heels to meer,  
 In such an orderly pace, that were the Snail  
 And She to foot it, I question who'd prevale,  
 And as the Snail does leave a slimy lace,  
 So the lean earth's larded when she mends her pace.

Her feet are like her hands both thick and short,  
 A Horse foot may compare to 'em in any sort.  
 Which makes me leave 'em, and soundly come to her  
 Toes.  
 Desiring that thou that hear'it to stop thy nose. —  
 Or else the sent will teach thee patience.  
 And she is cal'd Mistress reverence.

## Postscript.

*And is not she in vertues very zealous,  
 Of which no man can possibly be jealous.  
 I'll sum up all in this, to make some sport,  
 That though the sturge's long, yet shees but short.*

---

*An Elegy on the death of John Seamore formerly a  
 Tailor, but lately Water-carrier, Fenceller and Porter  
 to Mr. Broome Whorwood at Halton neir  
 Oxford, Drown'd in his Boat on a Christ-  
 mas eve in a great frost; he was  
 sev'ny years old.*

**W**hy death did honest John so soon remove,  
 A wonder'tis to me I do protest.  
 Unless that death came to him out of love,  
 And told him now'twas time to take his rest.

For

For seventy winters, and to each a summer,  
He has poor Heart been a patient overcomer,  
Yet now I think on't, I have found his end,  
'Cause he in's life, to th' water ne're was friend,  
For on his shoulders this I needs must say,  
He was the cause much water was made away.  
And so the water being now in passion  
Made him away, as it were, by retaliation ;  
For since the frost, I this must say of John  
For to provok' he oft it trampled on,  
Or did the waters to them think him cruel,  
'Cause to their antagon st fire, he added fuel,  
For they being put within a brazen womb  
Instead of friendship there, they found a tomb,  
Nay more then that, its fury to provoke,  
He caus'd some waters to evaporate in smoke,  
And that same smoke to do him a despight,  
Flew into's eyes, that he could not see that night,  
I am sure he had no moat in's eye, for he  
Found it so dark the moat he could not see ;  
I rather think 't a beam by his often carrying wood,  
And you'll think so too if it be rightly understand,  
Or did he think the moat not deep enough,  
But he more Sea must add, and to make proof  
Thereof must in himselfe, come I dare swear  
He took more water out, then he brought thereto  
Or did he think to store it with Jackes agen,  
And so himselfe the first that should come in s

If it be so, then *Jack* I needs must tell ye,  
You should have put a Female in their Belly;  
For 'tis not now as in the Creation  
We admit seconday causes to work upon;  
Or being a Taylor did he think to wind  
Up the bottom o'th' Moat, and there to find  
His thred of life, and through his Needles eye,  
To go to Heaven, being poor, when he should die?  
And for his Shears he ne're a couple saw,  
For out of *Oxfordshire* he ne're his breath did draw?  
Or was he at that time so very a Gull  
To think the Moat was but a Thimble full;  
For this I'm confident his Yard could ne're  
Reach toth' bottom, so deep the place was there;  
Nay, had his Goose been there I dare boldly say,  
It would have drown'd been before't had gone away;  
He thought with's Bodkin to make ey-let hole  
I' th' water, but prov'd an inlet to him poore soul:  
In no mans busyness he ever had an itch,  
But in's own alwayes went thorow stic'is.  
To wrastle with him once I gave a double Jagg,  
But in grappling with him gave a Cornish hogg,  
That down I fell and giev'd that e're his skil: try'd  
For ever since I have had a stich in my side.  
Tis a sign he a Porter was, for at ope knock  
The Ice did open, and to him unlock  
A watry Gate, and nimbly took him in,  
As if by him alone it had command'd been:

Yet great respect then he to some did give,  
For he bare-headed entred as I hope to live ;  
But was to Neptune and his Ladies as I hear,  
Thinking they their Christmas did keep there ;  
If it be so, I think it was well done,  
For Neptune told him that his Gisle was run ;  
For quickly he came thither, I can't say quick,  
Being gone w<sup>t</sup> hidden before he e're was sick ;  
Let's not too rashly judge of John for I telle,  
He had holy thoughts in's Head, when down he fell,  
In thinking that the place was holy ground,  
For both his Shoes were off when we him found ;  
If then in's Head and Feet he was so lowly-  
Minded, we needs must think the middle holy ;  
But whether some or all were holy, this I know,  
The place it self was plain till he made it so.  
He was a Pursey fellow too, though very lean,  
For being taken up (I can't say clean)  
Within his inch-thick-Pockets there we found,  
Four lovely Purses lapt up ten times round ;  
Which stuffed were with two pences and pence,  
Which drew us near till the sent drove us thence ;  
Which with ant quity, fat meat, and other geer,  
Were grown so soot, soil my, and so clear  
With dirt and grease, that gave us such a hogo,  
As would a poison'd a lusty Mattive Dogo ;  
Us altogether there in Folio,  
Wish'd that the Cook had brought us there an oleos  
For

## Part I. Oxford Drollery.

For those that saw the Pockets and Purses together,  
 Began to think they were made of stinking Leather.  
 He also was a well-bred man, for after Supper,  
 The gleaning Crusts he still put under's Crupper ;  
 And lay'd them there till morning, then up he gets,  
 Looks e're his hoard with smiles, then coughs and  
 spits;

To clear his pretty throat, then down he thrusts  
 Into his lovely Guts, the *quondam* crusts,  
 Which moistned were with something hanging by,  
 'T was a pleasure to look on with neither eye,  
 Then shakes his Ears being seventy two in all,  
 With those two on's head, being over gone with the  
 fall :

Then down for's second Breakfast goes a pace,  
 But thorow too much hast once did break his face ;  
 Which Neighbours hearing nimbly they came thi-  
 ther,

And with Henbane and Hog-dung, 'twas quickly  
 clos'd togteh'e ;

Then one of an ancient house, call'd Master death  
 him summons,

To come away to him and he would mend his com-  
 By putting him into a new several ground, (mons ;  
 Which seems to me as if it were a Pound ;  
 Jack bearing that sweet voice came gaping all the  
 way,

And with his two great speed did make himself a-  
 way ;

Is it so then John, it was thy fault  
 That Death to quench his thirst made thee his  
 Draught:

Bat be it so or not, my Faith's the stronger  
 To think he dyed 'cause he could live no longer,  
 And being gone this is all can be sed  
 At seventy years of age 'tis time to go to bed.  
 I dare not exit add, for without all doubt  
 His falling in did kill him, not his going out.

*An Acragram on his Name John  
 Seomore.*

*Anag.*

O I am on the See.

*The Distick.*

**S**O I say too when he did trample on't,  
 But being in, he now hath undergon't;  
 To talk at random thus, O what a fool is he,  
 When he was in to say, O I am on the See.

O: thus,

John

John Seomore.

*To me i'th' Ocean.*

*Diftich.*

You see his Name implies a watry desire, (fire;  
OGod forbid hat any then should put him in tott.  
If he had said o'dh' top the Ice had never broke,  
But row me in says he, and so 'was as he spoke.  
To search into the deep was his desire poor man,  
Or else he'd ne're a said, *To me i'th' Ocean.*

*Two Parliament Troopers who lay sick in Scotland: In  
Imitation of the Song of Bow-Bells.*

1. **C**ome come away to the Tavern I say,  
Whilst we have time and leisure for to think  
I find our State lyes tottering of late,  
And that e're long we shan't have time to drink.  
*Then here's a health to thee, to thee and me,*  
*To me and thee, to thee and me.*

2. I find beside that Lilly has been try'd,  
To toss the Stars and Planets on his Pen;  
But when that he into their depth did see,  
Concluded that sad fare attends our men.

*Yet we will merry be, a health to thee  
And me, to me and thee, to thee and me.*

3. Besides our General, which fought for us all,  
By God's afflicting hand does want relief,  
And will e're long, march in the throng  
Of death's own Army to command in chief.  
*Yet we will merry be, for there will come,  
For there will come as good as he.*

4. For nought but King on the peoples Tongues  
doth ring,  
Which makes our Grandees hearts go pit a pat,  
Nay they do quake, and begin to stink at stake,  
But here's to thee let them go look to that.  
*And when he comes we'd cry,  
God save King Charles and all the Royal Pr'geny.*

*The Saraband.*

**T**hen Lenthal his name shall altered be,  
For hee'd give all he has to be gone;  
And Martin must fly as fast as he  
With his M itresses every one.  
The President then shall one be made,  
For Derick his Herald shall be;  
His Leggs and his Arms they shall be displa'd,  
For a Broad-shew that all men may see.

And

# Part I. Oxford Drollery.

23

And for the rest it will be thought fit  
To taste of the President's Cup,  
For they're most of them Gentlemen every whit,  
Therefore they or their Arms must hang up.  
Not a man will be seen to weep weep  
For the loss of our English Bushaw,  
But rather will joy to see them asleep  
Taat so they may waken our Laws.

---

## *The new Scolding Wife.*

Tune, *Giffips Frolick.*

1. **W**As ever man so vex'd with a Wife  
As I poor *Humphry Dury*,  
For now I am weary of my life,  
As you will find by the story.  
For every night she bears me  
And every day she chears me,  
She flounces and kicks, and she playes her tricks  
And this is the way she treats me.

2. When once a week but two pence I spend,  
With my Neighbours at a meeting,  
She presently after me doth send  
And then she begins her greeting:

B +

But

But when I do but come in Sir,

Then she begins for to grin Sir,  
To kick and to fling, and to make the house ring,  
With a pox take yee where have you been Sir.

3. When then quoth I, I lately went out  
To speak with my Neighbour *Mary*  
But before I can turn my self about  
She flies at me like a Fury :  
**H**ow dare you go out o'th' doors Sir,  
And thus to run after Whores Sir ;  
I'le make you to sit, to spin and to knit  
And never offend me more Sir.

4. Then down on my Mary-bones I fall,  
And I cry to her *peccavi* ;  
Or else she begins to scold and to brawl,  
And swear all the Town shall not save ye.  
Nay if you do but quatch Sir,  
Or offer to draw the Latch Sir,  
I'le set up my note, and I'le bang your Coat,  
And I think you have met with your match Sir.

*The Scornful Lass.*Tune, *The Gun-fleet.*

1. **A** Gallant once did wooe a *Lass*  
 But she was wondrous coy,  
 He told her he her Servant was  
 And she his only joy.  
 If thou quoth he, wilt wed with me,  
 No other Girle I fancy,  
 Troth no quoth she, it ne're will be,  
 For you never shall bed with *Nancy*.

2. He daily did sollicit her  
 With presents good and many,  
 And told her that he honour'd her  
 And lov'd her best of any.  
 Your love quoth she, appears to me,  
 Just like a poison'd Potion,  
 Then never move me more with love,  
 For I hate to hear the motion.

3. Then to her Parents he began  
 To tell his doleful tale,  
 And pray'd them lend their help in hand  
 That so he might prevail.

They

They chid at her, she chid at him,  
 And gave him ample warning,  
 If e're she were forc'd to marry him,  
 She vow'd that she would horn him.

I am sick quoth he, are you sick quoth she,  
 But pray where lies your pain :  
 At my heart quoth he, at your heart quoth she,  
 Pray let it blood i' th' vein :  
 \*Twill kill quoth he, no matter quoth she,  
 I would not have you recover :  
 And on your Grave, this Memento I'll have,  
 Here lies a foolish Lover.

---

*A Song call'd my Mistress is all the Genders.*

Tune, *Shack'e de Hay.*

Y. **A**nd first she's counted Masculine,  
 Because she's a Virago,  
 And born at th' Indies under the Line  
 At the Island call'd Tobago,  
 Where she has deceiv'd full many a man,  
 That they from her have quivering ran,  
 As if they had had an ego.

2. Another

2. A other call'd her Feminine,  
And swore she of that sex is,  
'Cause when her Book they'd interline,  
They never use Indexes,  
For turn unto what place you will,  
You'll alwayes find it open still,  
Which never man perplexes.

3. Then I heard another say,  
He thought she was a Neuter,  
Because there-came the other day  
A Pupil and a Tutor;  
But unto neither she'd incline,  
Yet unto both would singly joyn,  
That so they might recruit her.

4. Then I thought her the Common of two  
From the couple last was there Sir,  
And to her Parents gave their due  
A hic and hac did swear Sir.  
But if that she be Common to two,  
Then she'l be so to me and you,  
And therefore have a care Sir.

5. Then I thought her the Common of three;  
hic, hac and hoc being with her,  
And Felix, O happy wss he  
Did catch them all together.

And

And if that she common to three  
 She'll ne're be true to you nor me,  
 Nor constant unto either.

Then I thought, and so would you,  
 She was of the doubtful Gender,  
 For *hic vel hæc*, and *dies* too  
 Did Day by Day attend her :  
 And o'th' doubtful Gender if she be  
 She'll doubtful be, to you and me  
 Although we do befriend her.

7. And after we had scan'd her faults  
 We found her much obscene a  
 And set a period to our thoughts  
 To call her *Epicæna*  
 Both he and she Hermaphrodite  
 And *Aquila* did swear she was right,  
 And call'd her Pocky Q'ean.

8. Thus I have shew'd my Mistress t'ye  
 Both Feminine, Mal' and Neuter,  
 Nay Common of two and Common of three,  
 And Doubtful to her Suiter,  
 And Ep.cæna we may her call,  
 Because she swears she owns them all,  
 There's none that can confute her.

*My Mistress understands all the Cases, and therefore  
a great Lawyer.*

Tune, *Shackleton Hay.*

1. **M**Y Mistress she hath policy  
There's none can undermine her,  
For underneath her self shall lie,  
Yet I will not define her.  
She all mens Cases makes her own,  
'Cause she's to all their Cases known,  
And therefore I'lle decline her.

2. And first she is a Nominative  
'Cause she declineth *nomen*  
And in the *Aet nominative*  
Denies nor Knights nor Yeomen  
Nay she can name them all at large  
That e're has saild within her Barge,  
Whether they be tall or low men.

3. Next I call her Genitive  
'Cause she's for procreation,  
And she doth use a Lenitive  
As a help to Generation.  
Nay she's for getting all she can  
From every stout begetting man,  
The best in all the Nation.

4. Then

4. Then a Dative she is known,  
 From ~~do~~ that was her Founder,  
 And before you quick falls down,  
 And lies as flat as a Flounder.  
 But whatsoe'er she doth give  
 She ten times more doth still receive,  
 Which seems to me a wonder.

5. I then Accusative her call  
 When ever they neglect her,  
 For she will curse and blame them all  
 Because they do reject her:  
 But when her blaming fit is o're,  
 You then may enter her Portall Door,  
 And calls you her Protector.

6. Nay all do call her Vocative  
 Because she 'has a Vocation,  
 And has an Art provocative  
 To invite 'em to her Station:  
 But when they offer to go awsy,  
 Tain O she cries, Whoop Holiday,  
 Let's use Conglutation.

7. Last I call her Ablative  
 Because she's alwayes taking,  
 And though her Suiters much do give,  
 Yet she will still be raking:

# Part I. Oxford Drollery.

33

For *in, with, through, for, by, and than*  
Are the signs by which she knows the man,  
Mait set her Oven a baking.

8. Thus from the first to the Ablative,  
    You see she knows the way Sir,  
For when I met her at *Bablock-hive*  
    Near *Oxford* she did say Sir,  
That she 'ad a Case for every man,  
And put him to't do what he can,  
    And still will hold him play Sir.

---

## A Song.

Tune, *Why should Betty now slight my Love.*

1. **VV**Hy should *Carlia* now be coy,  
    Since that she and I were so free  
To all embraces, and destroy  
    The frame of Love in its Infancy.  
It's because my Flocks from many  
    Now reduced are to few:  
Know my *Carlia* that to gain you  
    I did tell 'em off, and did sell 'em off  
    For Fancies and for Knacks for you.

2. **Oc**

2. Or is't cause you fancy ranging,  
 That your love's to me the less,  
 Know my *Cælia* that in changing,  
 You the fire of Love suppressle,  
 And from thence will raise a humour,  
 That you never can alay,  
 Which will swell to such a tumour,  
 That you never can, Fancy any man  
 Longer then a night or day.

Or d'e think my thoughts will ramble,  
 After another meaner face  
 And like the common-Lover scramble  
 Every day for a new embrace.  
 When thy strong magnetice power  
 Such an influence hath on me  
 That were I to receive a dower.  
 Though the greatest shee, or prettiest shee,  
 Yet I'd constant be to thee.

*Quoth He, and Quoth She.*

Tune. *The new Fig.*

1 **VV**hy Nanny quoth he, Why Fanny quoth she  
 Your will Sir  
 I love theo quoth he, Do you love me quoth she,  
 Do so still Sir,

I'de

I'd gi'thee quoth he, Wou'd you gi'me quoth she,  
But what Sir?

Why, some mony quoth he, O, some mony quoth she,  
Let me ha' Sir.

I'd ha' thee quoth he, Wou'd you ha'me quoth she,  
But where Sir ?

To my chamber quoth he, To your chamber q'h.she,  
Why there Sir?

I'd kiss thee quoth he, Wou'd you kiss me quoth she,  
But when Sir?

Why now quoth he, Neither now quoth she,  
Nor then Sir.

I'd hug thee quoth he, Wou'd you hug me qth.she,  
How much Sir?

Why a little quoth he, 'Tis a little quoth she,  
Not a touch Sir.

I am sickish quoth he, Are you sickish quoth she,  
But why Sir?

'Cause you slight me quoth he, Do I slight you qd. she;  
'Tis a lie Sir.

4 I'me dying quoth he, O dying quoth she  
Are you sure on'.

'Tis certain quoth he, If 't be certain quoth she,  
There's no care on 't.

Taen farewel quoth he, I and farewel quoth she  
 My true love.  
 I am going quoth he, So am I too quoth she,  
 To a new Love.

---

## A SONG.

Tune, *The Gifts at the Kings house.*

I Alwayes resolv'd to be free from the charms,  
 That Love with his subtily e're cou'd invent.  
 I kickt at his Deity, scorn'd at the harms,  
 That he could infliet to abridge my content,  
 But now I do find,  
 That though the God he be blind,  
 The mark he has hit, and hath changed my mind,  
 Though a Child thought he be,  
 Yet his Manhood I see,  
 For with one poor shaft he hath conquered me.

a I likewise before great beauties did see, (eyes,  
 With charms in their tongue, and darts in their  
 Who striv'd by their wiles to intoxicate me,  
 But never till now they my heart could surprize,  
 But now I do see,  
 That a slave I must be  
 To that which before was a servant to me,

For

For the angry God's dart,  
Hath so pierced my heart,  
No balm that's apply'd, but increaseth my smart.

3 And thus being ploug'd in this Love in a maze,  
This thing call'd a Labyrinth, where I reside,  
Hath so many turnings and windings, and so many waies,  
That none can get out unless by a Guide,  
But my Guide is so coy,  
Though my soul I implore  
To lye at her feet, yet my hopes she'll destroy,  
And rather than I  
Will keep parl with her eye  
To add to my bonds, I am resolved to dye.

---

## A SONG.

Tune, *The Duke of Richmond's Frolick*.

A Pix upon this paltry peevish, whining love,  
I never more shall harbour in my breasts  
I daily did with passion, and with presents move  
This cruel she to give my soul some rest,  
But she woul'd here vouchsafe to grant relief,  
By tongue or eye unto my penitive mind,  
I therefore thus resolve to ease my grief,  
For evermore to hate all woman-kind.

2. For I've another Mistress got that's kind and fair,  
And sparkles more than ever did her eyes  
She's cloyster'd in a Pottle Pot and Debonair,  
And none but she can e're my heart surprise,  
'Tis she alone is my Landibrides,  
And my Canary-bird I do her call,  
Nay I'll embrace her though I be on the lees,  
And she shall be to me my all in all.

(crew)

5. Then farewell love and farewell all your subtle  
    You're within my Mansion more shall bide,  
To all your witchcrafts and your wiles I bid adieu  
    And all your charming Votaries beside.  
Nay rather then agen I'll be your slave  
    I'll court the pox, the pox both great and small,  
The plague to boot to bring me to my Grave,  
    Or any thing else, nay court the Devil and all,

### *A Song on a Slave and his Mistress.*

1. Down in a Valley enameled all with Flowers,  
I saw a Swain a pretty Lass a courting,  
They sat in a shade that periwig'd was like bowers,  
To keep out the Sun or any might see them a  
She look'd cherrily, (sporting.  
He sung merrily,

Chapter

Chanting out some Roundelaines

And all was in this Lasses praise,

But she, through hope and fear did on this Swain  
(there

2. Quoth he sweet heart do'lt see you' drooping Rose

At thy approach his head does hang ful low down

And at thy colour now a blushing grows there,

And from thy bright eye his head doth bow down.

Quoth she smilingly,

You beguilingly,

Use these words unto me,

Then pray leave off to woo me,

For if my Maiden head be lost you'l undo me.

3. Then he took his Arms to chear her,

And vow'd that he with kisses still wo'd store her,  
And that no other harm should er'e come near her,

Than what her mother had receiv'd before her.

Yet shetrembling

Fear dissembling,

Till the God had shot his Dart

Which did pierce her tender heart,      (part.

And from that time she from the Swain could n'ce

4. And now this Lass that was so nice and coyish

Unto this Swain before this happy meeting,

Was now become more buxome free and toyish,

And often did desire a second meeting;

Then this Shepheard Lad.  
 Whom Love fetter'd had,  
 Now left off his woing,  
 And nimbly fell to doing.  
 And the poor heart did cleave full close unto him.

---

A S O N G.  
 Tune, Thomas & cannot.

**1** Come my *Molly*, Let us be jolly,  
 Now we are both come hither ;  
 Thy Mothers from home, and we are alone,  
 Then let us be merry together :  
*I*le gi' thee some rings and bracelets fine,  
 And other fine trinkets if thou'l be mine,  
 In truth good Sir I dare not incline,  
*My Mother doth tell me I mun not, I mun not,*  
*My Mother doth tell me I mun not.*

**2** *I*le gi' thee a gown of the vinest silk,  
 The like is never seen a  
 Thou shou'st ha' the cream of all the milk  
 O' th' cowes that go on the Green a  
 To make the curds and cheesecakes store,  
 And custards too all sugred o're  
 I pray good Sir then say no more,  
*My Mother does tell me, I mun not, I mun not, &c.*

**3** Thy

3. Thy Wastcoat shall be of Scarlet too,  
 With Ribbands tyed together,  
 Thy Stockings of a bow dyed hue,  
 And Shooes of Spanish-leather;  
 Upon each Shooe a silken knot,  
 For to set out thy delicate Foot  
 In truth good Sir I dare not doo'z,  
*My mother doth tell me I mun not, I mun not,*  
*My mother doth tell me I mun not.*

4. Thy Petticoat shall be of Sey  
 The best in all the Town a,  
 And thou shalt wear it every day  
 And so thou shalt thy Gown a,  
 Thy Smock shall be of Holland fine  
 If thou in love with me woo't joyn,  
 In truth good Sir I dare not combine,  
*My mother does tell me, &c.*

5. I'll Feoff thee in a Copy-hold  
 Of twenty pounds a year a,  
 And I have vorty pounds in Gold  
 Will serve to make good chear a.  
 O no you men I know you well,  
 But give you an inch you'l take an ell  
 And when you ha' done you tales will tell,  
*In truth good Sir I mun not, I mun not,*  
*My mother does tell me I mun not.*

6. Why then my *Molly* here I vow  
 My tongue shall still be sealed,  
 And whatsoever we do now  
 Shall never be revealed,  
 And one sweet kiss will seal the same,  
 Deny me this you ~~are~~ to blame,  
 O this kiss kiss doth so inflame,  
*I cannot hold out a minute, a minute,*  
*I cannot hold out a minute.*

---

*The ever Amorous Lover, a Song.*

1. Was ever man so happy as I Sir,  
 My Mistriss has gi'n me a kiss,  
 But I full long at her door did lie Sir,  
 Before I could compass this.  
 I cring'd and I bow'd, and I sung to my Crow'd,  
 But never could get it before,  
 And if but another I may be allow'd  
 I'll lie there a twelvemonth more.

2. Though for a time she did deprive me  
 The favour of seeing her Face,  
 That balmie k'ss did so revive me  
 It made me take heart a grace,

And

And if as I see, such virtue there be,  
 In one poor innocent kiss,  
 I'le give my estate, what e're be my fate,  
 To get such another as this:

3. For he that's possess'd with riches and honour  
 May meet with a cruel Dame  
 'Twill signifie until he has won her,  
 To answ'r his amarous flame. (talk;  
 Let him hunt, let him hawk, let him drink, let him  
 And strive to forget her disdain,  
 He ne're in his breast, will have any rest,  
 Untill he come to her agair.
- 

*The Confident Gallant with her answer.*

Tune.

Come my pretty Nan, I must be the man  
 That must enjoy thee,  
 If thou'lt be true to me, I'le be thy friend,  
 Nay I'le thy Champion be, nought shall annoy thee,  
 And will be true to thee unto the end.

Then

Then prethee be not coy, 'tis a foolish toy  
 Which I desire,  
 Knew'st thou the pleasure on't, thou'dst it require.  
 Maiden-heads are things, that have bitter stings  
 And no pleasure brings  
 Till in the Arms of a Friend it expire.

---

*Her Answer.*

**P**rethee friend be gone, for I will ha' none  
 Of thy embraces,  
**N**or will be true to thee one single hour,  
**F**or I have a friend, that I do intend  
 To yield those graces,  
**H**e, he, and only he, shall crop the Flower  
 Though you say I' a cov, for a foolish toy,  
 Yet I'le d-fy all.  
**T**hough the Townsmen's, should still me ply all.  
 For Maiden-head's a thing  
 That has n're a sting  
 And doth pleasure bring  
 Unto the man when he finds she is loyal.

*A SONG.*

## A SONG.

*To a Melancholly Tune.*

1. Now wee is me poor man  
For I must love do what I can  
All my striving is in vain  
For Cupid he, so tortures me  
I daily suffer pain.  
O cruel destiny,  
Thus to make us disagree  
Either give her a heart of fire,  
Or mine of Ice, that in a trice  
May cool my fond desire.

Then will I adore thy Deity, and give  
Thee all thy Attributes whilst I do live,  
That all the world may then convinced be  
Thou'ret not a God of power alone but equity.

Nay beside, an Altar I'le provide shall be  
For ever dedicated unto thee :  
On which a daily Sacrifice of Doves shall be  
For ever offered up unto thy Deity.

*The wowing Gallant a SONG.*Tune, *Mrs. Mary's Delight.*

1. COME hither my dearest, come hither to me,  
And I will be so loving to thee,  
As never was man before,

Then gi'me thy heart and thou sha't ha' mine  
For if I may be certain o' thine,  
I'le never desire no more.

Then unto my House we'l trip it away,  
And fit and provide for the wedding day,  
We'l dance, and we'l sing,  
And the Bells shall ring,  
And the Fidlers round about us shall play.

2. Thy Body with rich apparel I'le deck,  
And round about thy Ivory Neck  
I'le place a chain of pearl,  
So round, and so good, so fair, and so neat  
That every one that chances to see't  
Will say thou 'rt a lovely Girle.

Then be not so coy, but come away,  
And I'le embrace thee both night and day,  
I vow and swear,  
Thou sha't be my dear,  
And merrily we will sing and play.

3. The maid she stood off and blushing said,  
 I fear you mean to betray a maid  
     That never did love before,  
 For men will dissemble and cog and lie  
 And swear they'll love you faithfully  
     When they have another in store.  
 But if that you mean to be faithful and true  
 And that I should be so to you,  
     Be loving and kind,  
     And still in a mind,  
 Or else for evermore adieu,
- 

*The Doating Shepheard.*

Tune, so good, so sweet, so all Divine.

1. Poor Shepheard I am fallen in love,  
     And all my Sheep are gone astray,  
 When I but after them do move  
     To bring them back I loose my way,  
     For Love so tortures me that I  
     Do dying live and living die.

2. When my *Mariana* doth appear  
     Bedeck't with Flowers and Garlands ~~swee~~  
 You'd think the graces all were there  
     And in her pretty face did meet,  
     But when I look upon her eye,  
     I dying live, &c.

3. When

3. When I too my *Marina* go  
 Expecting from her eye relief,  
 Her cruel looks doth answer no  
 Which fills my heart so full of grief  
*That daily I do weep and cry,*  
*I dying live and living die.*
- 
4. Methinks 'tis strange that one so fair  
 Should ever bear a cruel mind,  
 The more I love, more I despair,  
 And comfort from her none can find,  
*Which makes me sigh and sobbing cry,*  
*I dying live and living die,*

*On a Maid that dyed for Love.*

1. **V**elcome death the cure of all my sorrow,  
 Thou alone canst give me ease,  
 For all delights my sences e're can borrow  
 Never will my fancy please:  
 For love has transported me with sadness,  
 That I languish in despair,  
 And all degrees of love I find is madness,  
 Which doth cause my grief and care.

2. When first these eyes of mine did but view him,  
 O how my heart was inflam'd with love  
 But

But my repentance is that e're I knew him,  
Seeing he did unconstant prove :  
When he with sugered words did woe me,  
Then my heart with joy was fill'd,  
But woe is me they did undoe me,  
And my tender heart bath kill'd.

3. Then farewel love, and farewel pleasure,  
Farewell all things of Delight,  
For I of grief have had my measure  
And to all I bid good night :  
Farewell to thee the cause of all my weeping  
Mait thou never thrive in love.  
For when that she has got thy heart in keeping,  
May she still unconstant prove.

---

An Answer to Faithless Swain, and to  
that Tune.

1. **I** Have loved long in vain, I have lived long in vain;  
For her unkindness caus'd my pain  
Yet wou'd she ne're wan'd leave me  
I often beg'd her love again,  
But yet she did deceive me.

2. *I courted her with constancy, I courted her with, &c.  
But she with smiles did feed my eye*

*Yet gave me no denial,  
But when I came her love to try  
I found her then disloyal.*

3. *Her vows to me I did believe, Her vows to me, &c.*

*Thinking such beauty cou'd ne're deceive,*

*But now I find my error,  
For vows and oaths being broke will grieve  
The Conscience still with sorrow-*

4. *I never more will beg her love, I never more, &c.*

*Since she aid so unconstant prove*

*Nor strive for to obtain her,  
The greatest loss I e're can have,  
Will be if I should gain her.*

5. *Henceforth no Mistress e're shall have, Henceforth, &c.*

*Such power to make of me her slave*

*My freedoms now I'le cherishe,*

*And all that do her f-ur crave*

*They'l find like usins 'snill perish.*

*The Gaming Girl.**Tune, My Dog and I.*

1. **I** To a pretty Maid did go  
To offer her my service free,  
Her answer still to me was no,  
But at the last we did agree,  
And then I had her company.
2. Then I up to my Chamber went,  
And she came up incontinently,  
**I** found we both to th' sport were bent,  
But she denyed through modesty,  
And told me 'twas but foolery.
3. I then desir'd her to undress,  
She told me no, it was a sin,  
**I** told her she meant nothing less  
Than play a Game at in and in,  
And then she vow'd that she would win.
4. She then to th' Chamber door did go  
And clos'd it fast with all her might,  
**A**nd rang'd the Chamber to and fro  
To see the cranney's all were right;  
Then she began to use her flight.

D

5. She

5. She vow'd at passage she'd begin,  
     And after that at Irish play,  
     And when his man was enter'd in,  
         She'd hit and blot without delay,  
     And then at in and in would stay.
6. She all the Dice did take in hand  
     And striv'd at passage to be quick,  
     I suddenly was at a stand  
         And then she swore she'd shew me a trick;  
     So then we close to it both did stick.
7. Her's was an Ace, and mine a Tray,  
     And then a Cinque came quickly down :  
     I thought the duce was in her play,  
         She flung so fast it made me frown,  
     And then she vow'd all was her own.
8. I then began to pawse awhile,  
     But she about the Room did dance,  
     I ask'd her wherefore she did smile,  
         She told me 'cause it was her chance  
     To beat me though I us'd a Lance.
9. She then desir'd again to play,  
     And I as willing was as she,  
     She took the Dice without delay,  
         And she at passage us'd all three,  
     That I no more the Dice could see.

# Part I. Oxford Drollery.

51

10. I told her then she us'd me ill,  
The Dice being mine not let me throw,  
She said in gaming she had skill,  
To keep 'em whe'r I wou'd or no,  
And when she pleas'd to let them go,

11. I found that I in prison was,  
And that a looser I had been,  
She said she lost as much alas  
With me, although that she did win,  
So we left off our in and in.

---

## The bold Girls.

A Gentleman being at pills, she clap'd him on the  
breech, and bid him turn the other  
side, for that run out.

Tune, *My Lady and her Maid being on a  
merry Pilg.*

12. I Lately went to pills,  
Within an ally by,  
Toss in the night, And I stood upright;  
And no body then was nigh.

D 2

51

2. I presently heard a crew,  
 'Mong which a high-flown Lass,  
 She talk'd so loud among the crow'd,  
 But the Devil knows who she was.
3. For she clap'd me on the breech,  
 And bid me turn about,  
 For the other side that was next the pales  
 She swore was running out.

4. I turn'd about to see her,  
 But found it was too dark,  
 Which made me gheſſ, she was no leſſ  
 Than a Deer of Whetſtone's Park.

5: Henceforth I ne're will piſſ  
 Against a Pale for fear  
 Lest I ſhould meet, in a narrow street,  
 Some more out-lying Deer.

---

*Loves Ridd'r.*

Tune, Come ſweetheart and let me love thee.

1. **L**ately I ſaw a very pretty Lass boy,  
 Which made ſomething ſtand upright,  
 'Twas

'Twas not the hair of my head by the mass' boy,  
But a thing no Lady will flight.

'Tis sometimes mounting, sometimes flagging;  
Sometimes quiet, sometimes wagging;  
Nay I have often known it bragging;  
Yet did always suffer loss,  
And still came home by weeping crost.

2. Nay I have often seen him stand to't,  
Being accounted very stout,

And seldom ever put a hand to't  
Till his brains were beaten out:

Then would he begin to palter,  
And his courage quite did alter,  
Nay his spirits all would falter:

None agen could make him do't  
Until an hour or two's recruit.

3. Riddle me riddle me, then what this is,

That is such an uncouth thing,  
Your Ladies think it the height of bliss

For to shelter it under their wing:

O how finely they would praise it,  
And endeavour still to raise it,

That poor thing would quite amaze it,

Were it not of courage strong,

By forcing it to stand so long.

4. Then a Committee of gossiping Women  
 Needs would know what thing it was,  
 And vow'd they'd search both bond and Freeman,  
 For to know the certain cause,  
 The one said a white thing, to' ther said a black thing,  
 A third said a lean thing, a fourth said a fat thing,  
 Push quoth the Speaker, I know 'tis that thing  
 With which the Tinker doth stop our holes,  
 And he alwaies calls it his bag of tools.

5. Then having made an end of their peccle,  
 They sent for him in that waited without,  
 And all with their tongues did give him such a rattle  
 To force him to satisfie their scrupulous doub't,  
 Then poor heart he was forc'd for to shew it,  
 Push quoth they we every one do know it,  
 Yet we confess great respect we owe it,  
 Because it is our constant friend,  
 Then let's tipple up our Sack and there's an end.
- 

A SONG.

Tune, *The Tyrant hath stein my dearest away.*

(less,

1. **H**E's not a true Lover that's faithless & troth-  
 For his actions discover a faith built on wind  
 When he swears, and forswears, and falters, & alters,  
 And nothing appears but a treacherous mind :

But

But if ever he mean,  
His hands for to clean,  
From the just got aspersion of a manifest wrong,  
He must look that he be,  
For the future so free, (tongue.  
As always that his heart may keep pace with his

2. For one being deceiv'd will prattle and tattle,  
Or of honour bereav'd will still make a din,  
Then nothing must serve but the carriage in marriage  
To make up the breach of that capital sin,  
Though the fault be but small,  
Yet they'l chide and they'l brawl,  
With fie out upon it my honour's undone,  
Then still it to prevent,  
And to purchase content,  
Let your heart and your tongue be united in one.

(Listed,  
3. When the tongue and the heart are twisted and  
In the Army of faith none can them divide,  
Their cause being good, they'l venture to enter,  
The hottest encounter what e're them betide,  
Though the Battle be strong,  
And they hold them to' long,  
By Sophistical practice to yield them disgrace,  
Yet at last 'twill appear,  
That their cause is so clear,  
That all that withstood them will yield in the place.

*The Perjur'd Maid.*

Tune, No more Clarinda shall thy charms.

1. Poor perjur'd Cælia drench thine eyne  
In never ceasing streams of brine,  
Perhaps that salt effusion may  
Bribe thy sharp destinies delay :

But if there be

A Deity,

Which takes revenge on Loves disdain,

Thy ruine must

Shew Heaven just,

*Thou art already slain,*

*Thou art already slain.*

2. Twice twenty times most solemnly  
Didst thou oblige thy faith to me,  
Conjuring all the powers above  
The sure Testators of thy Love,

Yet at thy list,

Like Spiders twist,

This sacred ty's infiring'd and broke,

Though perjury

Will swallow'd be

*The flames of Hell will choke,*

*The flames of Hell will choke.*

3. Who

2. Who would have deem'd that precious mould  
Of most Angelick features could,  
Under those glorious orbs of light,  
Hive screen'd Impostures black as night:

Methinks those Rays,  
Limn'd for the praise  
Of Jove's skill in Imagery  
Could not have been  
Stain'd with the sin  
Of Infidelity, of infidelity.

4. But truth was never solely bound  
In besuteous extracts to be found,  
Else thy most rich composure must  
Have scorn'd the treason of a trust,

But woe is me,  
Thy fallacy,  
Hath blurr'd thine honour, stabb'd thy friend,  
And brought my years,  
Through sighs and tears,  
*To an untimely end, to an untimely end.*

5. How will my crying ashes call  
For vengeance on thy criminal,  
And the sharp furies of thy sence  
Afflict thy guilty Conscience;

They

Thy murder will,  
 Implead thine ill,  
**W**hilest Corydon's fresh gore did glide,  
 Chiding along,  
 To blaze thy wrong,  
 And cruel homicide, and cruel homicide.

---

*A Welch Song.*Tune, *Mrs. Margaret.*

1. **H**er was tell hur now a pretty tale,  
**O**ur Sweetheart live in Wale,  
 How hur ever,  
 Love hur never,  
 'Cause hur was look so very pale.
  
2. For when hur was to hur a wooing side,  
 O hur was make a great deal of love beside,  
 But hur was cry,  
 When Shinkin come nigh,  
 That Shinkin with love was almost dyde.
  
3. Then hur was take her by the white hand,  
 And lead hur over the Mountain Land,  
 Was too well known,  
 Was all hur own,  
 But Guinith still was at a stand,

4. Then

4. Then hur was take hur a Harp to try,  
 And play'd before hur melodiously,  
 But hur was run,  
 Before hur begun,  
 That Shiukin's eyes were great with cry.

5. Then hur was sing hur a wisdom Song,  
 Was make in London crest while a gone,  
 Of hur paty bright,  
 But still hur slight,  
 That Shinkins love was quite adone.

6. Then hur was reckon hur pettigree true,  
 From Shinkin ay Morgan - p Ries ay Hugh,  
 But hur was Jeer,  
 When Shinkin come near,  
 So hur was bid cruel Gaukib adieu.

---

*The pritty but constant Girls.*

*To a new Tune.*

I. **M**Y name is honest Jack,  
 And I love bonny Nell,  
 I never can any thing lack,  
 She loves me so wondrous well.

2. My

2. My Nelly is frolick and free,  
 And, which in a Woman is rare,  
 She's constant and only to me  
 Although she be wondrous fair.

3. Her hair's of a lovely brown,  
 With a forehead both smooth and high,  
 On which her tresses hang down  
 To shelter her delicate eye.

4. Her eyes like two Diamonds sh'ne,  
 And sparkle like stars in the skie,  
 Her cheeks are so plump and so fine,  
 And both of Rosy die.

5. Her lipps of a Coral hue,  
 Just like unto Rubies do show,  
 Her teeth a pearly crew,  
 And all are as white as Snow.

6. Her breasts are two rising mounts  
 Well set in an Ivory plain,  
 On which are two springingounts,  
 Each tip'd with a cherry in grain.

7. From her knee to her foot she's neat,  
 Her ankle is fine and lean,  
 Her small is it very compleat,  
 And her instep is high and clean.

S. The rest of her parts are good  
 You never need them try,  
 And if it be well understood  
 'Tis only for she and I.

*The mock-song to the same Tune.*

1. **M**Y Love is a pretty Lass  
     As any's in all the Town,  
     Her Face doth shone like brass,  
     And her skin of a tawny brown.
2. Her hairs of a lovely red,  
     With Horse-girth Ribbands ty'd,  
     And hangs about her head  
     Like Dog-locks beautif'd.
3. Her forehead is low and rough,  
     Just like a pleated Gown,  
     Her ears are large and tough,  
     And alwayses hanging down.
4. Her eyes are sunk full low  
     Into her pretty head,  
     From whence a cream doth flow  
     That over her Face doth spread.

5: The

5. Tae one of her eyes are large  
The other is very small,  
Her mouth is like a Barge,  
For length, and breadth, and all.
6. Her Nose of a Scarlet hue,  
Well set with Jemms about,  
And all do appear in view,  
To adorn her delicate snout.
7. Though her Nose and Chin did Jarr,  
Yet now they are perfect friends,  
And though at distance were,  
Now touch at both the ends;
8. Her teeth they are black and blue,  
Her tongue, than the Cow's more neat,  
Her lips of a Silver hue,  
And thatch'd with hair compleat.
9. Her neck is thick and short,  
Just like our brindled Cow,  
And when she sings for sport,  
She grunts like our old Sow!
10. Her shoulders and arms are strong;  
And both of a lusty growth,  
To which her hands belong  
That are shoulders of mutton both;

11. Her back it is high and plump,  
That some have her credit defin'd,  
By saying that above her rump,  
She always did seem with Child.
12. There's never a Girl in the Town  
Of her breasts can make such braggs;  
They still are dangling down  
Like half-fill'd pudding baggs.
13. Of her hanches she often boasts  
Because they are very fair,  
Her thighs are two Wind-mill posts,  
So she'd need for the weight they bear.
14. Her leggs are lovely and great,  
Which doth her credit maintain;  
And therefore must needs be neat  
Being born in crooked lane.
15. And now for her pretty feet,  
They can her Arms display,  
But to see how her heels do mee',  
Now her toes are worn away.
16. Having heard the parts of my Dame,  
I now do conclude my Droll,  
And having no toes, her name  
Is call'd stump-footed Moll.

*The Despairing Lover.*Tune, *My Dog and I.*

1. **V**hen first I did Clarissa see  
Among the Damsels daunce a round,  
A qualm of love came over me  
So great I ne're before had found,  
That 'twas to me a mortal wound.
2. Her pretty feet, like little mice,  
Came creeping out beneath her Gown,  
But still they vanish'd in a trice  
So nimbly she trip'd up and down,  
You'd think she had not danc't but flown.
3. Immediately they all did sing,  
But when that she her voice did rear,  
You'd think i'th' world no other thing,  
Cou'd bring more pleasure to the ear,  
And fix'd in her as in it's sphere.
4. She then did take a Lute to play,  
That all the crew were in a maze,  
And threw all other thoughts away,  
To fix themselves on her to gaze,  
And then they gave her all the praise.

5. All

5. All these but torments were to me,  
Because I thought her all divine,  
And that there was no Sympathy  
Of Love in her to call her mine,  
But only offer to her shrine.

6. Henceforth I never will behold  
Her face, lest gazing on't I tie  
My self to Bondage, or so bold  
To stand the darnings of her eye,  
But only lye me down and die.

*A Mock-song to Come my Daphny.*

M. Come my durty pug away  
What the pox de'e mean to stay :  
W. 'Tis Rosland calls; what would my Swine;  
M. Come up you Whore 'tis time to dine,  
Where ~~Valian~~ shall provide  
A Whip to claw your hide.  
W. Were I shus up within a Jaile  
'Tis Rosland he must be my bail.  
M. You pocky Whore make haste,  
The messe at fire doth waste :  
In thy arms so nasty I  
Must for ever live and die

On thy mangy bosome stray,  
Would fright, would fright, would  
fright the Devil away.

## CHORUS.

**V**e'l howl and weep and ne're give o'er,  
Because the Friends do see, do see  
The cursed glee,  
'Twixt thee and me,  
But never will deplore my sad, but fatal destiny.

The Answer to *Had she not care enough of this old  
Man, and the same Tune.*

**W**As he not kind enough, kind enough,  
Kind enough, was he not kind enough  
To his young Bride,  
From her Childhood he treated her, when he fed her,  
And he led her, to the Church where he wed her,  
Then lay by her side  
But Oh how he push't her, and crush'd her,  
And thrust her, and bid like to a burst her  
Wishiong lying on.  
And Oh how she panted, and ranted,  
Being scanted, of the king that she wanted  
All the night long.

*The wooing Lady.**Tane, Mrs. Dodford's fancy.*

1. I Have gone up and down through all the Town  
 To search for the face I may call mine own,  
 But in all my ramble I never yet could find,  
 The face and the humour was pleasing to my mind,  
 For if that the face was pleasing unto me,  
 I found that the humour with that did disagree.

2. And being in doubt, yet still I search'd out,  
 That union to find among all the rout :  
 At last 'mong the crew I found out the man  
 That I find I must love, let me do what I can,  
 And the more I do love, the more I do like,  
 That unto love's banner my sail I needs must strike.

3. Then welcome my fate, be it early or late,  
 The man that I fancy he shal be my mate;  
 But how to acquaint him with this my new passion,  
 For a Woman to woo, though I know it is in fashion,  
 And rather than die my self I'lle discover,  
 Let they write on my Grave here lies a foolish

Lover.

*The*

*The Saralrand to it.*

1. **A**ND if he will love me  
I'le be constant to him,  
None shal e're disprove me  
Though that I did woe him  
And left our love miscarry  
We to the Church and marry,  
Then to bed we'll go,  
In spight of the foe,  
We will not longer tarry.

2. Then up agen to dinner  
Then away to dancing,  
And every Girle have giv her  
A man of her own fancying,  
Then to supper hie we  
And agen to dancing fly we,  
And for naise to bed,  
It 't may be sed,  
Be confident we'll vie we'e.

3. Thus this wooing Lady,  
New you know her mind Sir,  
'Tis fair and just as may be  
And will still be kind Sir,

To

# Part I. Oxford Drollery.

69

Then here's to thee my Nanny,  
And I'e pledge thee my Fanny,  
There's none o' all  
But loves to fal',  
Yet never will trappan yee.

---

*Of his Mistress grown old.*

Tune, *The old Dame.*

1. When I wo'd Carinda first  
She had wit and beauty store,  
But time hath now done all his worst,  
He never can assault her more :  
She was handsome then, benighted now,  
She was gamesome then, but flighted now ;  
There's none can be deligh'ted now  
With her as heretofore.

2. Her eyes that had inflaming power,  
Now are eclips'd and shine no more,  
Her cheeks, like Roses when in bower,  
Now are cerus'd ore and ore :  
She was pretty then, she's painted now,  
She was witty then, she's tainted now,  
And I'e no more be acquainted now  
With her as heretofore.

E 3

3. Her

3. Her airy fancy's only left her,  
 Which can help beget a flame,  
 Of all the rest time hath bereft her,  
 Which did still support the same.  
 'T spitty then she's grown so old,  
 She'd fit ye when her tale she told,  
 She has nought but wealth now can uphold,  
 Her glory and her fame.
- 

## The Answer to Aurelia.

**VV**hen Aurelia late I treated  
 She had youth and beauty too,  
 All that's glorious in her seated,  
 And her charms are daily new.  
 Conquering time cannot deface her,  
 Nor retriving art she knew,  
 Rose and Lily will do grace her,  
 As if on her face they grew.

2. The airy Spirits which invited  
 Are the same as heretofore,  
 And his eyes are quite benighted  
 That this Commet can't admire.

*Nought he says abates her merits,  
Since her eye creates a flame,  
But her sweet and amorous spirits  
Quicken and maintain the same.*

3. *Needless then that fond advice is,  
When he bids her love no more,  
For those Gallants use devices  
Still to court as heretofore.  
True her frown hath charming power  
For to make them fall away,  
But one smile, and not her Deceit  
Can enforce them ever stay.*

So far the Author.

F I N I S.



# Oxford Drollery; Being a new Collection of such **P O E M S,** AND **S O N G S,** A S

Have been made upon several Occasions, by  
the most Famous and Eminent Wits  
of the said University.

---

## The Second Part.

---

*O X F O R D,*  
Printed for John Croftley and are to be sold by Thomas  
Palmer at the Sign of the Crown in Wist-  
minster Hall, 1671.

Oxford University

2 M E O P

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The Second Part

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**OXFORD DROLLERY,**  
 Being  
**POEMS, and new SONGS**  
 Collected.

**The Second Part.**

*And first Aurelia, the last verse being lately added.*

1. **VV** Hen *Aurelia* first I courted,  
 She had youth and beauty too,  
 Killing pleasures when she sported,  
 And her charms were ever new.  
 Conquering times do now deceive her,  
 Which her glories do uphold,  
 All her Arts can ne're retrive her;  
 Poor *Aurelia*'s growing old.

2. The

2. The airy spirits which invited,  
 Are retir'd and move no more,  
 And her eyes are now benighted,  
 Which were Comets heretofore :  
 Want of these abate her merits,  
 Yet I have passion for her name,  
 Only kind and amorous spirits  
 Kindle and maintain a flame.

3. Then Aurelio, I advise you  
 Never think of loving worse,  
 For those Gallants now despise you  
 Which ador'd you heretofore :  
 Want of thy magnetick power  
 Is the cause they fall away,  
 Nor thy beauty now but dower'd  
 Can invite a second stay.

*A New Song and Tune.*

1. And Love till this hour  
 Had never like me a slave under his power,  
 But it shall be the Dart  
 That he threw at my heart,  
 Since nothing can prove  
 A joy so great as to be wounded with Love.

2. My

2. My dayes and my nights  
 Are fill'd to the purpose with sorrows and frights,  
 From my heart still I sigh  
 And my eyes are ne're dry,  
 So that Cupid be prais'd  
 I am to the top of Loves happiness rais'd

VV.

3. My Soul's all on fire,  
 So that I have pleasure to doat and desire,  
 Such a pretty soft pain  
 Does tickle each vein,  
 'Tis the Dream of the straight (heart.  
 That makes my breath short when it beats at my

4. Sometimes in a Pet  
 When I am neglected my freedom I get,  
 Then straight one sweet smile  
 Does my anger beguile,  
 Whence my heart I recall,  
 The more that I struggle, the lower I fall.

5. Heaven does not impart  
 Such secrets of love into every ones heart,  
 For many would wish  
 To be wounded, yet miss:  
 Then blest be Loves fire, (desire  
 And more blest be those eyes that first caps'd my

*A Mick's song to Lovers.*

Tune, *Jack Pudding.*

1. **VV**Hen in the month of *January*  
Ripe Apples grow on Trees;  
When butter doth in *February*  
At once both thaw and freeze,  
When Horses fly, beasts headless walk,  
When chairs and stools do move,  
When mutes as fast as women talk,  
*Then will I fall in love.*
  
2. When Cherries in the month of *March*  
as ripe are as in *June*,  
When men instead of Corn sow Starch,  
When Bears do sing in tune,  
When Fishes on the Trees do chatter,  
When womens tongues ne're move,  
When men forbear to lie and flatter,  
*Then will I fall in love.*
  
3. If when it rains the ground be dry,  
Or when 'tis foul, fair weather,  
When Sun and Moon shall in the sky  
Both meet and dance together,

*When*

When the Heavens fall where th' earth doth stand  
When *Tellus* mounts above,  
And I can grasp both in my hand;  
*Then will I fall in love.*

4. A Lover he no will doth know,  
He cannot speak or stir,  
He is a Child and cannot go  
But as he's mov'd by her:  
Whilst I still by my self do move,  
And to my pleasures bend,  
Then farewell this idle love,  
And so I'll make an end.
- 

*A Mock song to beauty.*

*Tune, To drive the cold winter away.*

1. I Know I'm no Poet  
My Song will soon shew it,  
But my sorrows do flow like a spring,  
Although they do shame me  
The world cannot blame me  
That I should thus dolefully sing:  
My loss is so great  
And such a defeat  
No mortal had ever before,

She had every feature  
Of a beautiful creature  
*And no man can say any more, and no man can say, &c.*

2. Her lips it is true  
Were of Coventry-blue  
But her hair was a fine bow-die,  
Her stature was low  
But her Nose was not so  
For 't was O! most delicate high;  
Her upper lip thin  
Which finely turn'd in,  
And her teeth were as black as a coal,  
But her under stood out  
To receive from her snout  
The droppings that came from each hole.

3. Though some teeth she wanted,  
The rest were so planted  
That Nature did shew no neglect,  
What in some she deny'd  
She in others supply'd,  
Because there should be no defect  
'Tis true we do know  
She'd some gaps below,  
But yet it was plain to be seen  
That her upper teeth met 'em,  
Nature so well had set 'em  
*Like Tallyes they clap'd in between, Like Tallyes, &c.*

4. Thus

4. Thus with a good grace  
 They took their due place  
 And though they stood hither and thither,  
 We plainly may see  
 They all did agree  
 And lovingly met together.

To stand in a row  
 Is common you know  
 But the best and the newest way,  
 Is to see, without doubt,  
 Teeth stand in and out  
*As if they were dancing the Hay,*  
*As if they were dancing the Hay.*

5. No needle nor pin  
 Was so sharp as her chin,  
 Which her nose did so lovingly meet,  
 That like sister and brother  
 They kist one another,  
 It was a great pleasure to see't :  
 No Globe could be found  
 So perfectly round  
 As her back was, by all that did mind her,  
 And to give her her due,  
 Her head turn'd like a skrew  
*To study the Globe behind her,*  
*To study the Globe behind her.*

6. Her breath it was strong,  
Her leggs short and long  
To make up her perfect shape,  
Her cheeks were like Lent  
When 'tis almost spent,  
And her face was as sweet as an Ape;  
Her skin might be taken  
For a Gammon of Bacon,  
Her breasts never trenched so flat,  
So fine was her mouth  
That it stood north and south,  
*And she had delicate ey's like a Cat,*  
*And she had delicate ey's like a Cat.*

7. I think it is meet  
To speak of her feer,  
And tell you how well they were made;  
I will not deceive yee  
But if you'll believe me  
They had the true shape of a Spade;  
So fine and so flat  
But when she did pat,  
So even a guard she did keep,  
With her leggs high and low  
That when she did go,  
*You'd think she were playing bow-peep,*  
*You'd think she were playing bow-peep.*

8. But this long narration  
 Breeds such molestation  
 Within my unfortunate breast,  
 I can say no more  
 But must give it o're,  
 And leave you to ghesst at the rest :  
 Search all the world round  
 None such can be found,  
 So well she pleases my pallet,  
 That I'le pine all my life  
 For the loss of my Wife,  
*And there is an end of my Ballet,*  
*And there is an end of my Ballet.*

---

## A S O N G.

1. Since you will needs my heart posses  
 'Tis just to you I first confess  
 The faults to which 'tis given,  
 It is to change much more inclin'd  
 Then women, or the Sea, or wind,  
 Or ought that's under Heaven.

2. Nor will I hide from you this truth  
 It hath been from its very youth  
 A most egregious ranger,

And since from me it often fled,  
 With whom it was both born and bred,  
 'Twil scarce stay with a stranger.

3. The fair, the black, the gay, the sad,  
 (Which made me often fear 'twas mad)  
     With one kind look could win it :  
 So naturally it loves to range,  
 That it hath left success for change,  
     And what's worse glories in it.
4. Nay I to it became a sport  
 When I did soundly chide it for't,  
     For 'twould in smiles be saying,  
 Your debts of love you should dispair  
 To pay to all the kind and fair,  
     If long with one you're staying.

5. Often when I'm laid to rest,  
 'Twill make me act like one possest,  
     For still 'twill keep a puther :  
 And though 'tis you I most esteem  
 Yet it will make me, in a dream,  
     Court and enjoy another..

6. And now if you are not afraid,  
 After these truths which I have said,  
     To take this arrant rover,  
 Be not displeas'd if I protest  
 I doubt the heart within my breast  
     Will prove just such another.

*A Rural Song, the third and fourth verses  
being lately added.*

1. **I** One to the May-pole away let us run  
The time is swift and will be gone ;  
There go the Lasses away to the green,  
Where their beauties may be seen :

*Nan, Doll,*  
*Kate, and Moll,*  
Gallant Lasses have Ladys to attend 'em,  
*Hodg, Nick,*  
*Tom, Dick,*  
Brave dancers who can amend 'em.

2. Did you not see the Lord of the May  
Walk along in his rich array,  
There comes the Lass that is only his,  
See they meet and how they kiss,

*Come Will,*  
*Run Gill,*  
Or dost thou list to loose thy labour,  
*K t Croud,*  
*Scrape a lound,*  
Tickle her *Tom* with a Pipe and a Tabor,

3. Lately I went to a Mask at the Court  
Where I saw dances of every sort,

And since from me it often fled,  
With w<sup>t</sup> with been and bread

3. The fa  
(Whic<sup>t</sup>)

So natu  
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## FOXING AND BAD MAKES. SEVER

4. Nay I  
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5. Oter  
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And though I is you I most esteem  
Yet it will make me, in a dream,  
Court and enjoy another.

6. And now if you are not afraid,  
After these truths which I have said,

To take this arrant rover,  
Be not displeas'd if I protest  
I doubt the heart within my breast  
Will prove just such another.

A Rural Song, the third and fourth verses  
only added.

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TERAL

BLURRED

BOOK

ale away let us run  
and will be gone ;  
ay to the green,  
may be seen :

*Moll,*  
dds to attend 'em,  
..  
is mend 'em.

: Lord of the May  
h aray,  
that is only his,  
w h they kifs,  
ill,

Run Gill,  
Or dost thou list to loose thy labour,  
K t Croud,  
Scrape a lound,  
Tickle her Tom with a Pipe and a Tabor,

5. Lately I went to a Mask at the Court  
Wherre I saw dances of every sort,

And since from me it often fled,  
 With whom it was both born and bred,  
 'Twil scarce stay with a stranger.

3. The fair, the black, the gay, the sad,  
 (Which made me often fear 'twas mad)  
     With one kind look could win it :  
 So naturally it loves to range,  
 That it hath left success for change,  
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 To pay to all the kind and fair,  
     It long with one you're staying.

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     For still 'twill keep a puther :  
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 Yet it will make me, in a dream,  
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 After these truths which I have said,  
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Brave dancers who can amend 'em.

2. Did you not see the Lord of the May  
Walk along in his rich array,  
There comes the Lass that is only his,  
See they meet and how they kiss,

*Come Will,*

*Run Gill,*

Or dost thou list to loose thy labour,

*K t Croud,*

*Scrape a loud,*

Tickle her *Tom* with a Pipe and a Tabor,

3. Lately I went to a Mask at the Court  
Where I saw dances of every sort,

There they did dance with time and measure,  
But none like the Country dance for pleasure :

There they did dance,  
Just as in *France*,  
Not like the English lusty manner,

And every she

Must furnished be

(her.)

With a feather knack when she sweats for to fan

4. But we when we dance and do happen to sweat  
Have a Napkin in hand to wipe off the wet,  
And we with our Doxes do Jig it about  
Not like the Court which often are out :

If the Tabor do play,

We thump it awsy

And turn and meet our Lasses to kiss 'em,

Nay they will be

As ready as we

That hardly at any time we can miss 'em.

5. And if we hold on as we begin

*Then* thee and I shall the Garland win,

And if thou liv'it till another day

I'll make thee Lady of the May :

Dance about

In and out,

Turn

Turn and kiss then for a greeting,  
 No *Jone*  
 We have done,  
 Fare thee well till the next merry meeting.

---

## A S O N G.

Tune, *La bouree*.

1. She's not the fairest of her name  
 And yet she conquers more than all her race,  
 For she has other motives to inflame  
 Besides a lovely face :  
 She has wit and constancy,  
 And charms that strike the soul more than the eye,  
 'Tis not every Lover  
 Knows how to discover  
 Such divinity.
2. Beside she is an easie Book,  
 Writ in plain language for the meanest wit,  
 A blarely presence, and a lovely look,  
 With all things justly fit :  
 But age will undermine  
 That glorious outside which appears so fine  
 When the common Lover,  
 Shrinks and gives her over  
 Then she's only mine ?

3. To the Platonick that applies  
 His clean addresses only to her mind,  
 Not to the Body, but the Temple signifies  
 Wherein the Saint's inshrin'd,  
 To him it is all one  
 Whether the Walls be marble or of stone,  
 For in holy places,  
 Which old time defaces,  
 Most devotion's showne.
- 

*A Song, with the Answer.*

1. **B**E not afraid, the fairest, the rarest  
 That ever was made, deny me not a kiss,  
 There's no man shill see the measure of pleasure  
 That I have from thee, what hurt is there in this?  
*Then let us embrace, let all pleasures be free,*  
*The world shall ne're have knowledge how delightful*  
*we'll be.*
2. I know that spys are peeping and creeping,  
 In hope to surprize us amongst our Joys,  
 But Cupid can see to find them and blind them,  
 That hindrances be to the getting of Joy.  
*Then let us embrace, let all pleasures be free,*  
*The world shall ne're have knowledge how delightful*  
*we'll be.*

S. Then

3. Then be not coy, fair Creature, Dime Nature  
Made you for my joy, but for no man but I,  
Then let's embrace, and rifle and trifle,  
Leave a Jewel in place you may keep until you dy.  
Then let us embrase, let all pleasures be free,  
The world shall ne're have knowledge, &c.

---

The Answer, the two last verses added lately.

1. **N**ay pish, nay fie, you<sup>3</sup> venture to enter  
A trespass so high you'd wish it were undone,  
Should any spy they'd wonder, look yonder  
Come I see you'll not fly from the chase you have begun.  
Then since you have woon me and all pleasures  
set free,  
Ef with you'll undo me if a tell tale you be.

2. You say that spys are peeping and creeping,  
And that they'l surprize us amongst our joys,  
But we must strive to wa ch them and catch them,  
That so we may thrive in the getting of Boys.  
Then since you, &c.

3. You see I'm not coy, in rifling or trifling  
To hinder your joy, although twas to my pain,  
And if it be known, they'l flout us, and rent us,  
And I left alone, and ne're to meet again.  
Then since, &c.

A.S.M.

## A S O N G.

Tune, *My Dame Jone bath parr'd her Kettle,*

1. **C**lear up those stormy brows and teach  
 Me weak and wading love to go,  
 Who makes 'twixt infant Loves a breach  
 Sure is no stout nor gallant foe :  
 Prethee let us prove,  
 That *Cupid* is above  
 The fates of immortal fate,  
 Though a Child he be  
 Let malice see  
 That love is stronger far than hate.

2. Then be no longer fondly coy,  
 Death's here more welcome than delay,  
 Love is a nimble sprightly boy,  
 And hath swift wings the Poets say :  
 Let's loose no time,  
 'Tis a capital crime,  
 None sins in love, but him that flow:  
 If I wanton be  
 Pray pardon me  
 Loves a Child, and Children will be so.

3. My fences call me dull and blame  
   My calmness that thus pleading stands,  
   Come your Mother she did do the same,  
   Yield or I must lay violent hands ;  
     For shall I spare one  
     Such a rape hath done,  
   And violence on my soul hath lain  
     And why should she  
     Thus ravish me  
   And I not ravish her again.

4. Why this stir, why this denying,  
   This pish, pish, groper stand away,  
   Why this proud and coy defying  
   'Cause I there my hand did lay :  
     I did grope 'tis true  
     but in love sure you  
   Will count it no offence I hope  
     If the cause you'll find  
     Know Love is blind,  
   And they that cannot see must grope,

### *The Maids Complaint.*

Tune, Gerrard M. Press.

I. **A** Dieu thou cold companion of my bed, adieu,  
And do not sue  
To harbour longer in so warm a rest,  
I go i'th' flames of love to melt away thy snow  
That streams may flow,  
And fountains open to a kinder guest,  
And I whose frozen fancy, ne're before  
Conceiv'd loves holy fire,  
Am ravish'd now, with *Hymens* vow,  
That I am all desire: (bound earth  
So when the Sun with beams doth court the frost-  
He thaw's the ground,  
And Ice appears, dissolv'd to tears,  
'Cause it so hard was found.

Ви

But stay, the surest marks-men use like thee to wink  
Blind thou hast been,  
And yet thy Dart, hath pierc'd my Heart  
As well as if thou'dst seen.  
Such skill *Achilles* weapon only knew before,  
For now I feel,  
Whatever fear, in Maids appear,  
The blade that wounds can heal.

3. Lie close thou better genius of my life lie close,  
Who fears to loose  
That lets her loss to use and thrives upon't,  
(have't undone,  
There's none that ties the true-loves knot would  
But thrives upon  
The ravishing delights in musing on't:  
For if my mother ne're had dar'd to light a torch  
At *Hymens* shrine,  
I pray you how had I been now  
Continu'd in her line,  
If then there's so much treasure in a maiden-head,  
Come sweet and try it,  
And make me mother to another,  
So none are losers by it.

*The faithless Swain.*

1. Prethee tell me faithless Swain,  
 Prethee tell me faithless Swain,  
 Why did you such passion fain  
 On purpose to deceive me ;  
 For I no sooner lov'd again  
 But you began to leave me.

2. *Phillis* we must blame our fate, *Phillis*, &c.  
 Kindness hath a certain date  
 And of those joys we tasted,  
 But you by peevishness and stare  
 The time hath almost wasted.

3. 'Twas my love did yours destroy, 'Twas, &c.  
 For had I still been nice and coy  
 I knew you then would prize me,  
 Think you dream'd you did me enjoy  
 And then you'll not despise me.

4. Once agen your love renew, Once, &c.  
 And my scorns I will subdue,  
 But passion now doth sway me,  
 That could I my thoughts pursue  
 My tears would then betray me.

5. Sigh

## Part II. Oxford Drollery: 95

5. Sigh no more nor weep in vain, Sigh, &c.  
Nymph your beauty still may gain  
A more deserving Lover,  
For slaves that once have broke their chains  
You hardly can recover.
- 

*The Answer to Well, well 'tis true.*

1. *Well, well 'tis true, that I have found*  
*A loving fool if you, but now I plainly see*  
*Whilst you presume upon my Love,*  
*Which you ne're had as you can prove,*  
*Your aims at sovereignty:*  
*No longer shall your Follies be forborn,*  
*I'll cloud your smiles, then think your self,*  
*For being thus forlorn.*

2. *But yet be wise and dally not by terming,*  
*Of our eyes: the Magazine from whence*  
*Love to his Arms, those stars I say*  
*Are bright and powerful to a but they*  
*Have no such Influence,*  
*And say you cou'd have don't by any fise,*  
*I prestho do't, for now I find*  
*That fools will meddling be.*

3. You

3. You men like fools to goddesses us do drain  
 And pump the Schools for words to count us by,  
 You kiss your feet, and think you please  
 Our sex to call us goddesses,  
 Alas we know you lie :  
 We know we are flesh and blood, through our bright eyes,  
 Surprizing your weak amorous fence,  
 Do deem us Deities.

4. But since my fate hath brought me to this  
 Trouble of thy pride, I'le not my labour loose  
 But will make use of thine own plot,  
 To tell thee plain I love thee not  
 Take thee it well or chuse :  
 Nay more than that, I'le chuse me any mate  
 Shall serv: to ridd me of such fools  
 Before it be too late.

5. Go love your wine, & love your wifes fine,  
 Being nine times nine, so thou wilt not love me,  
 I'le love my Dog I'le love my Cat,  
 Nay faith I'le love I care not what  
 So it may not be thee,  
 Go love your foolish apish coxcomb crew,  
 I'le love my Country, Prince, and Laws,  
 But hate such fools as you.

*The Ladies Fort besieged.*

1. Full forty times over I strived to win,  
Full forty times over neglected have been,  
But 'tis forty to one I shall tempt her again

For he's a dull Lover

That so will give over,

*Since thus runs the sport; since thus runs the sport;*

*Assault her but often you'll carry the Fort,*

*Since thus runs the sport,*

*Assault her but often you'll carry the Fort.*

(hath been;

2. There's a breach ready made which still open  
With thousands of thoughts to betray it within,  
If you once but approach you are sure to get in,

Then stand not off coldly

But venture on boldly

*She soon will surrender, she soon will surrender,*

*If you charge her but once, and with Loves Arms do*

*She soon will surrender*

(batter,

*If you charge her but once, and with Loves Arms, &c.*

(you sir,

3. Some Ladies will blush when down before them  
And will strive to maintain it with fire-balls of wit,  
But alas they're but crackers and seldom do hit,

You'll vanquish them after

In alarm of laughter;

G

Thrust.

98      Oxford Drollery.      Part II.

Their forces being strike, their forces being broke,  
And the fire quite spent you may enter i'st smoke,  
Their forces being broke,  
And the fire quite spent, you may enter i'st smoke.

4. Some Ladies with blushing and modesty fight,  
And with their own tears the toe doth affright,  
But they're easily surpriz'd if they come in the night,  
Then tot never fear her,  
But boldly come near her  
By working alonst, by working alonst,  
If you once but approach she can ne're hold it onst,  
By working abut,  
If you once but approach she can ne're hold it onst

(make,  
5. With pride and with state some outworks they'll  
And with volleys of frowns drive the enemy back,  
If you mind them but rightly they're easie to take,  
Then this you must drive at  
To a party in private  
And then they're o're thrown, and then they're o're, &c.  
If you promise them fairly, they'll still be your own,  
And then they're o're thrown,  
If you promise them fairly, they'll still be your own.

Mr. Lovell

*Mr. Lovelaces Song with the Answer.*

1. **VV**Hy should'it thou say I am forsworn  
When thine I vow'd to be,  
Lady it is already morn  
And 'twas last night I vow'd to thee  
That fond impossibility.
2. Have I not lov'd thee much and long  
A tedious twelve hours space?  
I should all other beauties wrong,  
And rob me of a new embrace,  
Should I still doat upon thy face.
3. Not but all joys in thy brown hair  
In others may be found,  
But I must court the black and fair,  
Like skilful mineralists that found  
For treasures in unplow'd up ground.
4. And when that I have lov'd my round  
Thou art the constant she,  
With spoils of meaner beauties crown'd  
I laden will return to thee,  
Even sated with victory.

## Her Answer.

1. *I* Needs must say thou art forsorn  
 Since m<sup>i</sup>n<sup>t</sup> thou woud'st to be,  
 True oaths do bind both night and morn,  
 And when last night you woud to me  
 Ighiss'd it possibility.
2. It may be call'd love much not long  
 Contains but twelve hours space :  
 You did my beauty all the wrong,  
 And rob'd me of my just embrace  
 When you look'd on another's face.
3. You say all joys in my brown hair  
 In others may be found,  
 And that you i' court the black and fair,  
 But prove a min'ralist unsound  
 By searching in unplen'd up ground.
4. And when that you have lov'd your rounl,  
 I'le prove no constant she,  
 With spoils of meaner beauties crown'd  
 If laden you return same  
 It must be with infirmity.

*A Song*

*A Song call'd Mistake me not.*

1. **M**istake me not, I am as cold as hot,  
Mistake me not, I am as cold as hot;  
Although mine eyes betray my heart all night,  
E're morn, e're morn, e're morn all things are  
right.
2. Perhaps in jest, I said I lov'd thee best,  
Perhaps in jest, I said I lov'd thee least,  
When 'twas no more, but on the day before,  
I vow'd, I vow'd, I vow'd to twenty more.
3. Sometimes I burn, and straight to Ice return,  
Sometimes I burn, and straight to Ice return,  
There's nothing more unconstant than my mind,  
I change, I change, I change even as the wind.
4. I prethee see thou giv'it no heart to me,  
I prethee see thou giv'it no heart to me,  
For I that could not keep mine own a day,  
What hopes, what hopes, what hopes has thine  
to stay.

*A Caveat for Maids.*

1. **E**ach greedy hand doth catch & pluck the flower,  
When none regards the stock it grew it upon,  
Each nature loves the fruit still to devour  
But leaves the Tree to stand or fall alone,  
Then this advice fair creature take from me,  
Let none pluck fruit unless they take the Tree.
2. Believe no vows, nor much protesting men,  
Credit no oaths, nor no prevailing song,  
Let Courtiers vow, swear, and forswear agen,  
Their heart doth ly ten regions from their tongue,  
And when with oaths thy heart is made to tremble,  
Belive them least for then they most dissemble.
3. No let not Caesar's self corrupt thy heart,  
No fond ambition scale thy modesty,  
Say to the King thou only constant art,  
He cannot pardon thy impurity :  
For if with one wifh more thou'l play the whore,  
Break I.e in one place, and it crackes the more!

*On a Gentleman being accidentally run into the eye  
with a pin by a Lady.*

Injurious pin, how durst thou come so nigh,  
To touch, nay worse, to touch his precious eye?  
Bile instrument so ill thou'lt plaid thy part,  
Wounding his eye thou'lt wounded my poor heart,  
For every crimson drop his eye hath shed  
My sympathizing heart hath thousands bled,  
Bold murderous pin, was there no tincture good  
To dye thy point, but his too precious blood?  
Could thy Ambition teach thee so much sin?  
Was that a place for thee to revel in?  
Nay, there his Mistress had design'd to be,  
And must she then out-rival'd be by thee?  
Curs'd fate that I should harbour thee so long,  
And thou at last conspire to do me wrong:  
But well I know thy nature to be rude,  
And all thy kin full of ingratitude;  
They all are brazen-fac'd, nay brass all o're,  
Else thou would'lt ne're have strived for to soar  
So high as to his eye: I wonder much  
How that thou durst his lovely eye to touch,  
Much less to hurt it: what use was there  
Of thee to ramble up so high, and so near  
Those curious orbs? as if thou a Needle were?  
For to be touch'd by their magnetick Art;

And so the name of pin would die in thee,  
 And thou the needle touch'd still calld'ld would'ft be:  
 I little thought thou durst presume so far  
 To aim thy malice at so br ght a star ;  
 Well, get thee gone, for thou shalt never more  
 Have power to hurt what others must adore,  
 Thus thus, I hurle thee, maist thou ne're be found,  
 But lye and rot, and rust beneath the ground.

*Advice to a Friend.*

**F**A'nt A notist do'st thou think  
 To sitte Loves honey, and not drink  
 One dram of gall : or to devoure  
 A world of sweet and taste no sowre ?  
 Dost thou ever thin'k to enter  
 The Elizian fields, that durst not venture  
 In Ch.ros's Barge ? Livers mind  
 Most nte to fail with every wind ;  
 He that loves and fears to try,  
 Learns his Mistriss to deny ;  
 Doth she chide thee ? 'tis to shew it  
 That thy coldness made her do it ;  
 Is she silent, is she mute ?  
 Silence fully grants thy suit ;  
 Doth she pout and leave the room ?  
 Then she goes to bid thee come :

Is she sick? why then be sure  
She invites thee to the cure :  
Doth she cross thy suit with no?  
Pish she loves to hear thee woe :  
Doth she call the faith of man  
In question? be assur'd she loves thee then,  
And if e're she makes a blot,  
She's lost if that thou hit her not.  
He that after ten denials  
Dares attempt no farther trials,  
Hath no warrant to acquire  
The dainties of his chaste desires.

---

*On a Gentleman taking a Purgative*

IN morn when Phœbus peep'd through crevices  
Bold as any British Guy or Devil,  
I powder took, and by his beams  
Befriended, made a draught for James:  
Long had it not in stomach been  
But from each part came powdering in,  
Of uncouth geer, such pregnant store,  
That gut 'gan grumble, nock run o're:  
Have you beheld, with eager haste,  
The truant-Cits, when play is past,  
As if they meant their Ribbs to burst,  
Whil'st each bears up to get out first,

And

And then instead of men and wit  
Delivers up a Lump of Cit,  
With no less fury in a throng  
Away those nasty humours flung,  
And downwards in a rage they drew  
To ramble and bid Nock adieu,  
But when they came to portal nasty,  
Bum was so straight and they so hasty,  
That many a worthy pellet must  
Into one Booming shot be thrust.  
At the rumbling noise the Mastiff growles,  
The frightened Mice forsake their holes,  
And Souldiers to my window come,  
Invited as it were by a Drum :  
O dismal dose, O cursed geere,  
Will all thy Body run out here ?  
Will veins, and sinews, flesh, and bone  
Be gadding, and leave Nock alone ?  
A Devil, certain, bak'd and stale  
Was grated in my posset-ale :  
But be it what it will, I this must say,  
I'le no more Phylick that takes gutts and all away.

---

*The Italian wish Translated, call'd I ask no more.*

1. Since fortune thou art grown so kind  
To give me leave to take my mind  
    Of all thy store,  
First it is needful that we find  
Good meat and drink of every kind  
    I ask no more:  
Good meat and drink, &c, I ask no more.
2. But yet before we do digest  
The sav'ry morsels of this feast,  
    See thou my store,  
To ease the cares within my breast  
With a hundred thousand pound at least,  
    I ask no more:  
With a hundred thousand, &c. I ask no more.
3. Then a house that is convenient  
For a great Lord of ample rent  
    With a postern door,  
Into convey each Implement,  
And people to my pleasure bent,  
    I ask no more:  
And people to my pleasure bent, I ask no more.

4. Then a well-born and a pleasant Dame  
 Full of beauty, void of shame,  
 Let her have store  
 Of wealth, discretion, and good fame,  
 And able to appease my flame,  
 I ask no more.

5. But yet before we do thefeat  
 One thing be sure do not forget,  
 Forgot before,  
 That she a Virgin be and neat  
 On whom two Son's I may beget,  
 I ask no more.

6. Let them be Princes, and Impart  
 To each a million for his part,  
 I thee implore,  
 Of the purest gold that has the art  
 To fill with gladness every heart,  
 I ask no more.

7. And that all may be perfected,  
 And to an heir I may be sped,  
 I last implore,  
 That when I long this life have led,  
 I may have heaven when I am dead,  
 I ask no more,  
 I may have heaven when, &c., I ask no more.

8. And

8. And when to heaven I shall ascend,  
I only wish I may my attend  
To keep the door,  
That so I may let in my friend,  
And all my foes away may send,  
I ask no more,  
And all my foes away may send, I ask no more.

---

*The scornful Maid.*

Tune, *The blazing Torch.*

1. **A** Sin my private walk I was  
Where fancy me directed,  
I heard a Lover court a Lass  
Whom he had long affected:  
But still her answer was be gone  
And never think to move me,  
But leave me to my self alone  
For I will never love thee.

2. The Eccho doubled all his groans  
As pitying him, complaining,  
The hallow Caves resound his woes  
Whil'st she late by disdaining,

And

And checking his presumption said,  
 My hopes are far above thee,  
 For though I will not die a Maid,  
 Yet I will never love thee.

3. He numbred all his fleecy Flocks  
     To try if wealth would gain her,  
 His language she repay'd with mocks,  
     No treasure could obtain her :  
 She stamp'd her face into a frown  
     And says, I must reprove thee,  
 That think'it I can affect a Clown,  
     For I will never love thee.

4. I vow if thou dost longer stay  
     To make me more offended,  
 Unto the gods I mean to pray  
     With knees most humbly bended,  
 Some whirlwinds force may fetch thee hence  
     And from my sight remove thee,  
 Go fool, bereav'd of wit and sence,  
     For I will never love thee.

*A Song call'd fond Lovers.*

1. **F**ond Lovers what d'e mean  
     To court an idle folly,

Plato-

## Part II. Oxford Drollery!

III

Platonick Love is nothing else  
But meerly melancholly.

2. To doat upon a face,  
Or court a sparkling eye,  
Or to conceive a dimpled chin  
Compleat felicity,  
Is to betray your liberty.
3. Then be no more so fond  
Nor think that women can  
Be satishi'd with complement,  
Tae very froth of man,  
O no they hate a Puritan.
4. They care not for your sighs,  
Nor your erected eyes,  
They hate to hear a fool lament  
And cry he dyes, he dyes,  
O no they love a close surprize.
5. Because you are in the fashion  
And lately come from Court,  
You think your clothes are Orators  
To invite you to the sport  
Faith no, they do but jeer you for't.

6. Then

112. Oxford Drollery: Part II.

6. Then venture to embrace,  
'Tis but a squeak or two,  
I'm confident no woman lives  
But sometimes she will do,  
The fault lies not in them but you.
- 

A S O N G.

Tune, Jogg on.

1. There was a man two sons he had  
One elder than the other,  
*Love me* was the elder Lad  
And *Lick me* was his brother.
2. The old man sent them to the plow,  
Wherein much strife did grow a  
For *Love me* he was very tall  
But *Lick me* very low a.
3. Then he sent them to the wood  
The good gray Mare to find a  
*Love me* he went on before  
And *Lick me* all behind a.
4. And when that they had found her out  
They both would ride the Mare a

For

For *Lov me* he on the Saddle rode  
But *Lick me* you know where a.

5. When these Brethren were i' th' field,  
To run would try their strength a  
But *Lov me* he was forc'd to yield  
To *Lick me* at the length a.

6. Then they went unto the Warrs  
As they did think it fit a,  
*Lov me* he was full of scarrs  
And *Lick me* all beshit a.

7. The one of them was very fat  
Tae other very lean a,  
For *Lov me* was bespurt with dirt  
But *Lick me* very cleao a.

8. Then they came unto a Feast  
Where they were something rude a,  
For *Lov me* was like a beast  
But *Lick me* all bespude a.

9. The old man went to seek his Sons,  
Found *Lov me* with the fosal a,  
But going a little further on  
Found *Lick me* in hole a.

## The Answer to Loves fiery passion.

1. Some men Love's fiery passions can resist,  
That either values pleasure or promotion:  
*I hate Luke-warmness in an Amorist,*  
*It is as bad in Love as in devotion.*
2. You that pretend to have a Love-sick heart,  
Or do despise the sacred power of Love,  
*May know that more has dyed by Cupid's dart*  
*Than by the dreadful Thunder-bolts of Jove.*
3. Nor may we love or not love as we please,  
Since Cupid's Laws commands mens disposition,  
*For I have known men die of that Disease*  
*Of which himself to others was Physician.*
4. For when that little god doth shot his dart,  
From sparkling eyes of Ladies that are fair,  
*The stroke is fatal, and doth wound the heart*  
*Of those more stout and valiant they you are.*
5. Then those that die for love incur no slander  
That with Love's holy Martyrdoms are crown'd,  
*I may be you cannot imitate Leander,*  
*For every one is not born to be drown'd.*
6. Though

## Part II. Oxford Drollery. 115

6. Though you have been a Lover by report,  
Tell you can ne're deserve so good a name,  
He doth not love at all that loves his sport,  
It is ill jesting with a sacred flame.

7. Long may you live unlov'd, and when you die,  
Women upon your loathed grave shall spit,  
Till then all Gentlemen will say yes lie,  
And try your courage, as you have done your wit.

8. You think that wifemens actions should be such,  
As that with reason still they must be fraught,  
They're fools to think of ever loving much,  
Within the rules of reason can be brought.

---

### A Dialogue between a Shepherd and a Shepberdessa.

1. M. Dear canst thou love me? W. Shepherd no.  
D. M. Tell me my dearest, why so?  
W. Because thine own words do disprove thee,  
Men only love but in show  
M. Judge not rashly till you find,  
For truth is always known by trying.  
VV. But women are safest in denying,  
Often abused when kind.

116 Oxford Drollery. Part II.

- M.* Fly from this error e're it be known  
What wo't be loved of none?  
*W.* There is no love where is terror,  
Loving my self I love one :  
*M.* Self-love is height of pride  
And pride of Angels made the Devil,  
*W.* But if I escape from this evil  
Sure a good Angel's my guide.

- M.* See how I languish. *W.* Thou look'it wan.  
*M.* What wilt thou murder a man?  
*W.* Now I relent at thy anguish,  
I'll give thee ease if I can :  
*M.* Then one kiss is not too late,  
May my dying hopes recover,  
*W.* Ease is the cure of a Lover  
We women must yield to our fate.

---

To a Coy Mistress.

C One never coy it sc, thou art not fair  
Skin deep perfection, or suppose you were,  
'Twas I that gav' you : Womens beauty lies  
Not in themselves, but in their Servant's eyes,  
Have I then like a Status-carver wrought  
Thee from thy rougher marble, and have brought

Thee

Thee to my fancy, by Loves subtil Trade  
 Clip'd off thy imperfections; and have made  
 Thee lovelier far than was that Grecian Dame  
 Whose beauty set great *Him* in a flame:  
 Where thou before did'st scarce wear comly b.  
 Upon thy Face, for that I have set down  
 Perfect perfection: Sworn thy indifferent eyes  
 And cheeks into a Tempean Paradise.  
 And when I thus had pollish'd every part,  
 And set thee up an Idol in my heart,  
 Have bow'd unto thee, paid devotion such,  
 Idolatry would blush at, as too much  
 To offer to their greater gods: And now  
 For all this toil, and so great zeal canst thou  
 Deny one petty favour unto me  
 Who all this while have doated upon thee?  
 I will ungoddes thee again proud thing,  
 And make thee less than worthy pitying:  
 Come first restore me to that all conquering grace  
 Which my kind fancy hath vouchsai'd to place  
 Within thy brighter eyes, so where be now  
 Those awful Rays that once did make me bow:  
 Titis in my anger I haveta'ne from thee  
 Those graces which of right belong to me;  
 I leave thee to be pitied of each one,  
 As Abby's were at the subversion,  
 And thou shalt stand like some decay'd stone,  
 Which once had form, for Birds to mute upon.

Into this Lown's hath thy scorn debas'd thee,  
 Hadst thou been kind, how high could I have plac'd  
 thee.

---

*A Supposition.*

Suppose the fates had made a firm decree  
 That you and I this day should married be,  
 Suppose the Bells were merrily a ringing,  
 The Fidlers playing, and the Boys a singing.  
 Suppose the way with fragrant herbs were flowing,  
 All things were ready, we to Church were going :  
 And now suppose the Priest had jony'd our hands,  
 And we were solemniz'ng *Hymens* bands :  
 And now suppose the Gordian knot neart'y'd,  
 And all pray God give joy to Mistress Bride :  
 And now suppose that Dinner-time drew near,  
 The Tables richly deck'd with costly cheer :  
 Suppose our tedious Dinner had an end,  
 And Eddie's, and Fidler's Boys and all had din'd :  
 Suppose the blith young Lads were now a prancing,  
 And you, *Diana*, with your Nymphs were danc'n :  
 Where all commended were for dancing well,  
 But Mistress Bride did all the rest excell :  
 And now suppose the day were fully gone,  
 Sun set, Supper past, and dancing done :

And

And next suppose that you were cal'd aside,  
And all in haile to bed goes Mistress Bride :  
And then suppose the rude ungodly crew  
Pull'd off thy clo'hes, and laid me down by you :  
Suppose the Posset now were brought to eat,  
And I did scorn to eat such common meat ;  
And your weak stomach loath'd to be a taster,  
Which I did wish them choak'd they eat no faster :  
And now suppose the height of all my bliss  
Were nigh at hand : O what a heaven's this :  
Suppose the Candles now were took away,  
And I upon your Brest my hand did lay :  
And then suppose we two were left in Bed,  
Whil'st you sing farewell to your Maiden-head.

---

A S O N G.

Tune, *The Horns.*

1. For merry Corfe-clere I hoist up my sail,  
The Meddows did sweetly smell,  
The white Lilly top, and the merry Cow-slop,  
And the head of the Azure Bell.

2. Not far did I pass, but I met with a Lass,  
The Maid she went to milk,  
Her Pail on her head, her cheeks were red,  
Her Lipps were as soft as silk.

3. But as I pass'd by methoughts in her eye  
     I Cupid did discover,  
     With that the blind Lad shot as he was mad  
         And made me a constant Lover.
4. So did she prevail, I was forc'd to strike sail  
     And partly 'gan to summon  
     For Cupid and she, so conquered me  
         I was never so woon by woman.
5. Now if she bring Gold, which I love to behold,  
     Then thorrow thorns and thickets  
     A Cock-horse we'll ride, and she shall be my bride  
         And we'll be as merry as Crickets.
6. But if she bring none, hot Love is soon gone  
     No wedd'ng, nor no ringing,  
     But for the blind hap, I'll buy the child pap  
         And pay the Nurse well for her singing.
7. Her sudden reply did answer her eye.  
     She smil'd, yet seen'd to simper,  
     But when I did part, it griev'd her at heart  
         And then she began to whimper.
8. But if my dear friend at forty weeks end,  
     In her Arms do bring her errant,  
     If it prove a brave Lad then I'll be the Dad  
         And make her amends I warrant.

## The Banbury Song.

1. ON the seventh day of the eleventh Month  
Most lamentably  
The men of Babylon did spoil  
The Tribe of Banbury.
2. We had a Post from Coventry  
Riding in a blew Rocker,  
Said Colborn, Lunsford's coming down  
With a Child's hand in his Pocker.
3. Then we call'd up our men of War  
Young Vivers, Cook, and Dennis,  
Whom my Lord Say had put under  
His Son Master Ficensis.
4. We had six Guns call'd Ordinance  
And fourscore Muskettiers,  
Yet all this would not serve to beat  
These Philistine Cavaliers.
5. We gave three pence unto the poor  
Yea mase it four pence too  
We praid three, four, five, six, seven hours  
Yet all this would not do.

6. But

122      Oxford Drollery.      Part II.

6. But *Lunsford* he did send us word  
That he was coming down,  
And lest that we would yield, he would  
Granado all our Town.

7. Then was my Collonel and I  
In a most pitiful case,  
For neither he nor I did know  
Who this Granado was.

8. Straight we set ope our Gates full wide  
They swarmed in like Bees,  
And each of them array'd in Euff  
As thick as our Town Cheese.

9. The Brethren they sent in men  
From *Durchesler* and *VVickham*,  
Which when my Collonel did see  
Good Lord how he did kick 'em.

10. Now God to bless our Parliament  
And send them long to reign,  
From three years unto three years end  
And so to three again.

11. From *Silding* and from *Vavasor*  
Two ill affected men,  
Deliver us from *Lunsford* eke  
That would eat our Children.

12. For Burton, Baftonick, and Prin  
 Lord keep them in thy bosom,  
 And he that did rebuke the King  
 Worshipful Sir John Hotham.

13. Once more God bless our Parliament  
 That they may sit secure,  
 And that their consultations may  
 From age to age endure.

---

*The Gossips Conference.*

Six women as they say o' th' weaker sex  
 Had conference one day to this effect, &  
 To change the old and popish way of Preaching.  
 The first would needs have it called teaching;  
 The second such a vulgar name despising,  
 Said it were better termed Catechizing;  
 The third not yet so learned, yet full so wise,  
 Allow'd them best that call'd it Exercise  
 The forth a great magnificent Corrector,  
 Said it were better to be nam'd a Lector:  
 Nay quoth the fifth, my sisters, as I hear,  
 They call it speaking in Northampton-shire;  
 Tush quoth the sixth, then standing is more fit,  
 Since Preachers in the Pulpit seldom sit.

*A Song*

*A Song to a Scotch Tune.*

1. I Said my Mistress was most fair  
 Tae more fool, I the more fool I,  
 I prais'd her lips, her hands, her hair,  
 The more fool I, the more fool I:  
 But since for me she doth not care,  
 I scorn her lips, her hands, and her hair,  
 The wiser I, the wiser I.
2. I prais'd her cheeks, her chin, and her eyes,  
 The more fool I, the more, &c.  
 I thought her Natures chiefest priz,  
 The more fool, &c.  
 But since she doth my Love despise,  
 I scorn her cheeks, her chin, and her eyes,  
 Tae wiser I, the wiser I.
3. I slab'd mine arm to drink her health,  
 The more fool I, the, &c.  
 Her to maintain I spent my wealth,  
 The more fool, &c.  
 But since her love is got by stealth,  
 I'll spare my blood, my health, my wealth  
 The wiser I, the wiser I.

4. I will

4. I will no more her Servant be  
     The wiser I, the wiser I.  
     Nor pledge her health upon my knee,  
     The wiser I, the wiser I.  
     And if all men will be rul'd by me  
     They'll quickly stoop to vanity,  
     Then they'll be fools as well as we.
- 

*The Amazonian Womens Song.*Tune, *Then hang me Ladies at your Door.*

1. **H**ang up those dull and envious fools  
     That talk abroad of womens change,  
     We were not bred to sit on stools;  
     Our proper virtue is to range,  
     Take that away you take our lives,  
     We are not women then but wives.
2. Such as in valour would excel  
     Do change the man, and often fight;  
     Which we in love must do as well  
     If ever we will love aright:  
     The frequent varying of the deed  
     Is that which doth perfection breed.

3. No

3. No is't inconstancy to change  
 For what is better : or to make  
 By fearing what before was strange  
 Familiar : for the uses sake  
 The good from bad is not descry'd  
 But as 'tis often used and try'd.

4. And this profession of a store  
 In love, doth not alone help forth  
 Our pleasure, but preserves us more  
 In being forsaker, than our worth  
 For were the worthiest woman accurst  
 To love one man he'd love her first.

---

*A Song on his Mistress's singing.*

5. Y ou that think Love can convey  
 No other way,  
 But through the eyes unto the heart  
 His fatal dart,  
 Shut close those Clements and but hear  
 The S/ren sing,  
 And on the wing  
 Of her sweet voice it will appear,  
 That Love can enter in at the ear.

## Part II. Oxford Drollery. 127

2. Unveil thine eyes then and behold  
     The curious mould,  
     Where the voice dwells, and as we know  
         When the Cocks do crow,  
     Summons the morn, nights course being gone,  
         We freely may  
         Gaze on the day ;  
     So may we when the Musick's done  
     Awake and see the rising Sun.

---

### A S O N G.

1. I Can love half an hour when I'm at leisure,  
     He that loves half a day loves without measure,  
     Cupid come tell me what Art has thy mother  
     To make me love one face more than another.
2. Some to be thought more wise daily endeavour,  
     They'll make the world surmise they can love ever,  
     But Ladies believe them not, they'll but deceive you,  
     For when they have their ends, faith then they'll  
         leave you.
3. Some will protest and vow their Love is fervent,  
     And that unfeignedly they'll be your servant :  
     But too much of any thing sets them a cooling,  
     Though they can little do yet they'll be fooling.

4. Tacn

4. Then ladies, as you please, so you may mind then  
 As for to trust them as far as you find them,  
 For if you keep your selves still at that distance,  
 You may with ease enough make them resistance.

---

*On a Gentleman in a late Engagement against the Turk  
 was slain and thrown over-board, and since madd.*

1. I Will go to my love where he lies in the deep,  
 And with our embraces together will sleep,  
 When we make the kind Dolphin's together shall  
 strong,  
 And in Chariots of shells shall draw us along.

2. The Orient hath Pearl, which the Ocean bestows  
 All mixed with Corral a Crown to compose,  
 Though the Sea-Nymphs do spight us, and envy our  
 bliss,  
 We will teach them to love, and the Cockles to kiss.

3. My Love he doth lie in his watry grave,  
 And hath nothing to shew for his tomb but a wave,  
 I will kiss his dear lipps than the Corral more red,  
 Which grows where he lies in his watry bed.

Old Songs made at Oxford, many years since.

Part III.

*And first the Puritan, in a Dialogue between a Scholar and him.*

1. Sch. **S**ay Puritan if't come to pass,  
That thou must hear a play or Mass,  
Which would'st thou chuse?

Pur. *Truly in such a doubtful case*  
*It well becomes the Child of grace,*  
*Do as the Spirit shall infuse.*

Sch. But had'st thou to thy Friday's Dsh  
A Capon or a piece of Fish,  
Which would'st thou chuse?

Pur. *Why Capon is for the Babes of grace,*  
*Give sinful P. pists Ling or Piasse,*  
*Such superstitious meat.*

C H O R U S.

*To here a Puritan catechized arigh',*  
*Who loves his god, but doth the Spirit slight!*

2. Sch. Say Pm it an dost love a quire,  
Or the holy Bellows that inspire  
The Organ sweet?

Par. Sure no, they're Satans instruments  
Not fit for holy Sion's Tents  
The faithful hold they be not meet.

Sch. But wouldst thou not use any guile  
To hear a Brother preach, a mile  
From Text and fence?

Par. Tru'ly if he rail religiously  
Gainst the Surpliss and conformity,  
The Spirit may dispense.

### C H O R U S.

*To here a Puritan Catechized aright,  
Whose Schism both Order and Church doth slight.*

1. Sch. Say Puritan if't be thy hap  
To be injoyn'd the corner Cap,  
Wouldst thou deny?

Par. Yes I profess : Babylon's Whore  
That Idol did erel ; nay more,  
It favors of Antiquity.

Sch. But wouldest thou be content to wear  
The new Cap that hides sin not hair  
Surnam'd Calot?

Par. So's

### Part III. Oxford Drollery.

131

Pur. So't be not of Spanish Leather made,  
Verily 'twill not be gainsaid  
By any good Zelot.

Lo here a Puritan Catechized aright,  
Who Customs because old, not bad, doth slight.

q. Sch. Say Puritan if glorious paint  
In rich Church-windows, would'nt not faint  
At such a sight?

Pur. Fie, fie on painted glass, why there  
Idolatry is full as clear  
To purer eyes as is the light.

Sch. But should a painted Sister lie  
Prostrate; would'nt thou not cast thine eye  
On such a Ruin?

Pur. Well might the Spirit so suggest  
To steal a glance or kiss, the rest  
Should be in naked truth:

Lo here a Puritan Catechized aright,  
If he loves Whores painted, else all paints doth slight.

*On a Fire at Jack of all Trades house in Oxford, he  
being a Precision.*

1. **A**ttend you Sisters every one,  
And listen with a pair  
Of swaggering ears that have out grown  
By many an inch the hair.
2. Of Popish flames I will relate  
To you a dismal story,  
Which turn'd a zealous Shop of late  
Into a Purgatory.
3. There dwells in Oxford near the place  
Where holy Cornish Teaches,  
One that in all Trades had such grace  
The wicked he over-reaches.
4. Tais Brother first a Stoick was  
Paripatetical,  
For about the world as he did pass  
His wealth he carryed all.
5. But when his sin had made his pack  
Too heavy for his shoulder,  
In th' forelaid place he eas'd his back,  
And turn'd a staid householder,

6. In all Vocations by and by  
    He grew so great a medler,  
    That though the Exchange his Shop stood nigh  
        You'd take him for no Pedlar.
7. By flight of tongue he would fetch ore  
    All Sparks that came unto him,  
    Except those, which two nights before  
        ~~Christide~~, were like to undo him.
8. When he to sleep himself had set  
    And dream'd of no such fires,  
    Then those his zeal and his little peat  
        Kindled in his desires.
9. He heard some cry fire, fire amain,  
    And say that he was slack,  
    Great ~~fbs~~ of all Trades would again  
        Be brought to his first pack.
10. When hastening down to see what burn'd,  
    The smoak his breath did stop,  
    Alas his new Exchange was turn'd  
        To a Tobacco Shop.
11. His Wife came too at the report  
    Her clothes hung in such pickle,  
    As she had newly come from the sport  
        After a Conventicle.

12. And first in these sad flames she sp'd  
 A spruce Geneva Bible,  
 With gilded Leaves, and strings beside  
 Which were not contemptible.
13. But with less grace he could have seen't  
 As he did say to some one,  
 Had but the Apochripha been in't  
 Or Prayers that were Common.
14. The Practice there of Piety,  
 And good Saint Katherine Stubbs,  
 Were Martyrs, which oft quoted he  
 Had heard in several Tubs.
15. Then being of his Dad's bereft  
 And Clevers all and some,  
 You may presume that there was left  
 Of comforts never a crumb.
16. A Chest of Cambrick and Holland  
 Was turn'd to a Box of tinder,  
 His Virgin Tapers out were burn'd,  
 Th' Extinguishers could not hinder.
17. They that his Taffaties did see  
 And various Ribbands, straight  
 Concluded that in burnt silk he  
 Was largely worth his weight,

18. Of smoaking Canes there lay great store,  
For he had soon espy'd 'em,  
They were never truly fir'd before  
As he had oft belyde 'em.

19. H's Hobby-Horses er'it so tame  
Small Babes of grace might run  
A race upon them, then became  
As hot as the **S**eede i'th' Sun.

20. Mirrors and Perspectives, that might  
Be burning-Glasses call'd,  
The Fever was so hot that night  
That Perriwiggs grew bald.

21. There Mouse-traps, Fly-traps, and whole Shelves  
Of Whips, with other some,  
Such fatal instruments themselves  
Did suffer Martyrdom.

22. And to conclude the flame being done:  
Some that were there did swear,  
Though *Christmas* was not yet begun  
Yet 'twas *Ash-wednesday* there.

23. Dear Brethren then be not so hot,  
For if unto your harm  
Your zeal like this took fire I wot  
You'l wish you were Luke-warm.

24. God bless this Land, and keep it aye  
 Against all that oppose,  
 And let the Supreme Head bear sway  
 Instead o' th' Supreme Nose.
- 

*A Song call'd a Cup of Sack.*

1. **H**ang sorrow, cast away care,  
 Come fill us a Cup of Sack,  
 Some say it is good, to replenish the blood,  
 And for to strengthen the back.  
 Wine makes the thoughts to aspire,  
 And fills the Spirits with heat :  
 We hold it as good, if well understood,  
 To fit a man for thefeat :  
 Then call and drinck of all,  
 The Drawers are ready to fill,  
 A pox of all care, we need not to fear  
 My Father hath made his Will.

2. Come Ladd here's a health to thy Love  
 Do thou drink another to mine,  
 I'lle never be strange, for if thou wilt change  
 I'lle barter my Lady for thine :  
 She is as free, and willing to be  
 To any thing I command,  
 I vow like a friend, I never intend  
 To put a bad thing in thy hand :

Then

Then be as frolick and free

With her as thou woul't with thine own  
But let her not lack good Claret and Sack,  
To make her come off and come on.

3. Come drink, we cannot want chink,  
Observe how my pockets do gingle,  
And he that takes his Liquor all off  
I here do adopt him mine ningle:  
Then range a health to our King,  
I mean the King of October,  
For *Bacchus* is he that will not agree  
A man should go to bed sober:  
'Tis wine, both neat and fine,  
That is the faces adorning,  
No Doctor can cure, with his Physick more sure,  
Than a Cup of small Beer in the morning.
- 

*A Song call'd the Cup of Claret.*

1. Prehee friend leave off thy thinking,  
Cast thy cares of Love away,  
Drown thy sorrows all in drinking,  
Do no longer then delay:  
*Bacchus* swears it is his will  
That we should be drinking still.

2. Do

2. Do but view this Glass of Claret,  
 How invitingly it lookt,  
 Drink it quickly else you'll marr it,  
 Pox take fighting and on books,  
 Toss it up, and then you'll prove,  
 That drinking's better far than love.

3. Call the Drawer bid him fill it  
 Full as ever it can hold,  
 O take heed you do not spill it,  
 'Tis more precious far than Gold :  
 Let us have good store of Wine,  
 Hung him then that will repine.
- 

## A SONG.

1. I Wish no more thou shouldest love me,  
 My joyes are full in loving thee,  
 My heart's too narrow to contain  
 My bliss if thou shouldest love again.
2. Thy scorn may wound me, but my fate  
 Leads me to love and thee to hate,  
 Yet must I love whil't I have breath,  
 For not to love is worse than death.

3. Then

3. Then shall I sue, sue for scorn or grace,  
A lingring life or death embrace,  
Since one of these I needs must try,  
Love me but once and let me dye.
4. Such mercy more thy fame shall raise  
Than cruel death can yield thee praise,  
It may be counted who so dyes  
No murderer but a sacrifice.

*A Song with the Answer.*

1. **O** Ut upon it, I have lov'd  
Three whole days together,  
And am like to love three more  
If it hold fair weather.
2. Time shall moult away his wings  
E're he can discover,  
In the whole wide world agen  
Such a constant Lover.
3. Yet now I think upon't no praise  
Can at all be due to me,  
Love with me had made no stay  
Had it any been but she,

4. Had

4. Had it any been but she  
 And that very, very face,  
 There had been e're this, this with me  
 A dozen dozen in her place.
- 

## The Answer.

1. Say but did you love so long ?  
 Truth I needs must blame you,  
 Passion did your beauty wrong  
 And want of Judgment shame you.
2. Truth times fair and witty Daughter  
 Quickly did discover,  
 You were a subject fit for laughter  
 And more fool than Lover.
3. Yet I grant, you merit praise  
 For your constant folly,  
 Since you doated three whole days,  
 Were you not melancholly ?
4. She to whom you were so true,  
 And that very very face  
 Puts each minnie such as you,  
 A dozen dozen to disgrace.

The

*The sad Parting, a Song.*

1. **O** No, no, no, I tell thee no  
Though from thee I must go,  
Yet my heart says not so:  
It swears by Stella's eyes  
In whose dalliance surpriz'd,  
And in Loves fettters lies :  
It swears by those Roses and Lilly's so white;  
And those Ruby's so bright,  
*N're to part, n're to part*  
*From my dear delight.*
2. It swears by that warm snow  
In thy bosom below,  
Where blind Love hides his bow,  
And by those milk-white hands  
That disperse Cupid's bands  
And his Quiver command's,  
By thy form Divine, and thy pretty nimble feet;  
In Loves warrs too too fleet,  
*N're to leave, n're to leave*  
*Stella bright, Stella sweet.*
3. By our true Love it swears,  
By our hopes, by our fears,  
By these sad parting tears,

And

And by this melting kiss  
 Full of grief, full of bliss,  
 And by this kiss, and by this,  
 By this last embrace, and this cruel adieu;  
 And by high Heavens too  
*Ne're to change, ne're to change,*  
 Stella's love for a new.

---

*The Hunting of the Fox, a Song.*

1. **T**O hunt the Fox is an old sport,  
 Us'd both in City and in Court :  
 Nor are the Academick's free,  
 No beast they chase so much as he ;  
 For when they're out of their studious vein  
*They'l sometimes follow, they'l sometimes follow,*  
*They'l sometimes follow the Foxe's strain.*
2. Your Gallant which each hour invents  
 Some pretty pleasing complements,  
 And thinks no phrase so neat and pure  
 As *Vootres-humble Servisoore,*  
 Forgets his Mistresses nice disdain,  
*By following of the, by following of the,*  
*By following of the Foxe's strain.*

### Part III. Oxford Drollery.

143

3. Your Lawyers as I have understood  
Can warrent the case if it be good,  
And tempting fees on both sides will take,  
And many new demurrs can make  
Although his chief'd delight be in's gain,  
*He'l sometimes follow, b'v's sometimes follow,*  
*He'l sometimes follow the Foxe's strain.*
4. Your Clergy men lead merry lives,  
They get fine livings and fine wives,  
Although the Churches state they rule,  
Yet with a Cup their zeal they'l cool.  
Your Poet's ne're in a pleasing vein,  
*Unless he follows, Unless he follows, &c.*
5. Your Physician with skill profound  
Can make the sickly Patient sound,  
He cures a grief, but leaves a worse,  
Call'd the Consumption of the purse,  
And once a Month cannot refrain,  
*From following of the, from following of the,*  
*From following of the Foxe's strain.*
8. The little Fox at length is found,  
Where he lies lurking under ground,  
He earth's himself in Cellars deep,  
Whil'st mortals they from him do creep,

T

Till gentle slumbers charm each brain,  
 And so concludes thee, and so concludes thee,  
 And so concludes the Foxe's strain.

---

*The Maidens Dream..*

1. **S**lumbering as I lay one night in my bed,  
 No Creature with me but my maidenhead,  
 And lying all alone as maidens use,  
 Methoughts I dream'd, as Maids can hardly chuse,  
 And in my dream, methoughts 'twas too much wrong  
 That I a pretty Maid should lye alone so long;  
 With that came in a Gallant, for they can do  
 Much with old ones and with young ones too,  
 Methoughts he wo'd, he sued to taste, he sped;  
 Methoughts we married were, and went to bed;  
 Then he got up, and straight for fear I quak'd,  
 I trembling lay, and presently awak'd:  
 It would have vex'd a Saint, O how my heart did  
 burn,  
 To be so near, and miss so good a turn.  
 O cruel dreams, why did you so deceive me,  
 To shew me heaven and then in hell to leave me,

145

Part III. Oxford Drollery. 129

On the burning of the Grammar School at Oxford, the  
last fourteen lines being lately added.

VVhat heat of learning kindled your desire  
You Mu<sup>t</sup>'s Son's, to set your house on fire?  
What love of honour in your breasts did burn  
These sparks of virtue into flame to turn?  
Or wa<sup>t</sup>s some higher cause? Were the hot gods  
*Phabus* and *Vulcan* friends, now are at odds?  
And here so revel'd; then ne're let the Dolt  
Be prais'd for making Arms and Thunderbolt:  
Let Poet's Pen's point only his disgrace,  
His clubby foot, horn'd front, and sooty face.  
Whate're was cause, sure it was the event  
Which all the *Muses* justly may lament:  
But above all for Rhimes sake, *Polihimny*  
Bewails the downfal of the learned Chitry:  
There might you see hew without speech or fence  
Lay the sad ashes of an *Accidence*,  
What number here of *Nouns* to rack did go,  
As *Domin*, *Liber*, and a many moe!  
No *Case* or *Sex*, the furious flame would spare,  
Each *Gender* in this loss had equal share:  
Here might you see the rueful *Declinations*  
Of fifteen *Pronouns*, and four *Conjugations*:  
Some *Cerands Di*, and some *Do*, overcome,  
And with the heat and smoke was strucken dumb:

Supines lay gasping upward, void of sences,  
 The Moods grew mad to see Imperfect sensēs,  
 Adverbs of place fell from their lofty stories,  
 As ubi, ibi, illic, intus, foris:  
 Conjunctions so disjon'd, as you would wonder,  
 No coupling scarce, but it was burnt in sunder:  
 The Prepositions knew not where to be  
 Each Interjection cry'd hei, woe is me:  
 For the due joyning of which things again,  
 A neighbour call'd, Qui mibi came a main,  
 Else sure the fire had into flame so turn'd, (burn'd:  
 The Gods, Men, Months, Rivers, Winds, and all had  
 Then 'gan the flame of Heteroclites to cumber  
 And poor Supplex lost her Plural number,  
 O Verbs there scarce had escap'd one of twenty,  
 Had there not been by chance As in presenti:  
 'Ye for all that the fire so great it waxes,  
 That it did quite undo my Lord Syntaxis:  
 Hasl Noun or Verb been there, O none cou'd bailye,  
 For it did quite destroy old Verbum personale  
 Had then Figura but appen'd, it would a show'd  
     you a  
 Burning trick, for it destroy'd Profodie,  
 Which is the cause, I fear, as late I see'st  
 Our Verses run so lamely on their feet  
 For Jamblcks, Spender, and the rest o'th' crew  
 Were utterly destroyed, so had you been too

Had

### Part III. Oxford Drollery. 147

Had you been there : but yet our honest Billy,  
Ne're so much observ'd ye Rules of *Williams Lilly*,  
Asto be burnt for's sake, but stood aloof off to see  
Both *Masculine*, *Feminine*, *Neuter* all i'th' fire to  
gree.

---

*To his beautiful Mistress, the last twelve  
lines I. truly added.*

**F**air Madam, thee whose every thing  
Deserves the Close-stool of a King :  
Whose head is fair as any bone,  
White and smooth, as Pumice stone,  
Whose natural baldness scorns to wear  
The needle's extremities of hair,  
Whose forehead's streaks, our heart's commands ;  
Like Dover cliffs, or Goodwin sands ;  
Whose eyes are like two buttons set in clay,  
Whose face is pastboard, and whose hair is hay ;  
Whil'st from those dainty Glow-worm eyes,  
Cupid shoots plumb-pudding pyes :  
And from the arches of her nose  
A cream-pot of white Nectar flows :  
Most goodly lipps, so white and sleek,  
And truly Ahabatter cheek :  
Pure Sifron teeth, happy the meat  
That such pretty millstones eat :

## 132 Oxford Drollery. Part III.

How that chin becomes thee well  
 Where always hairy beard shall dwell :  
 Thy Corral neck doth stately bow  
 As doth my Granams brinded Cow :  
 O let me, or I ne're shall rest,  
 Suck the black Bottles of thy breast :  
 O curious and anfathom'd waste,  
 As slender as the stately Mast :  
 Thy fingers too breeds my delight  
 For each wart seems a Margarite,  
 Each night so great my passions be,  
 I cannot wake for thought of thee,  
 Then let thy Servant mercy find  
 To kiss thee once, though't be behind,  
 Sweet kiss, sweet lips, delicious fence,  
 How great a wind she blows from thence :  
 Bleſſ'd Petticoat, moist bleſſ'd her Smock,  
 Which daily busketh her buttock :  
 For now the Proverb's, true I find,  
 That the best part is still behind,  
 Her breath it is so sweet and fine,  
 No ſtinking Oyler can be more divine,  
 Yet ſhe muſt have a Husband now poor heart  
 And young, though ſhe is old, to play his part  
 Sha'c have an old Fidler, who after two years ſpace  
 Shall ſlip thy ſkin off for a Fidle-Cafe,  
 Or to ſome Carrier that may scratch thy hide,  
 Which now with ſcabs and itch is putrify'd,

O you

O you old glew-pot, hast not yet enough,  
 Tay tapers out, there's nothing left but snuff,  
 What are you proud, and must you needs ingender,  
 Get ye a Baboon, and I pray ye gods send her  
 A Child like Mother, so good, so true,  
 That when one looks upon't 'twou'd make one spew.  
 You told me once you ne're had will nor motion,  
 And hast thou now drunk a provoking potion?  
 Dost think a man of reason e're will pocke  
 In thy damn'd dung-hill, and himself to choke  
 By kissing thee but once; but if't be twice  
 Pie warrant him he turns up's heels in a trice:  
 Leave off you hag, leave off you grunting bear,  
 And think of somewhat else, or else I swear  
 I'le tie thee to a stade, and bait to death with dogs  
 Thy mangy Carcass, and then throw thee to th' hogs;  
 Where other Epitaph thou sha'c have none,  
 But here lies stinking, pocky, nasty, rotten Jane.

*The old scolding Wife.*

M. **W**ife prethee come nigh me  
 And sit thee down by me,  
 For I am best pleas'd Wife  
 When thou art most nigh me.

## 132 Oxford Drollery. Part III.

How that chin becomes thee well  
 Where always hairy beard shall dwell :  
 Thy Corral neck doth stately bow  
 As doth my Granams brinded Cow :  
 O let me, or I ne're shall rest,  
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 Sweet kiss, sweet lips, delicious fence,  
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 Which daily buseth her buttock :  
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 That the best part is still behind,  
 Her breath it is so sweet and fine,  
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 And young, though she is old, to play his part  
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 Or to some Carrier that may scratch thy bide,  
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Where other Epitaph thou sha'c have none,  
But here lies stinking, pocky, nasty, rotten Jane.

---

*The old scolding Wife.*

M. **W**ife prethee come nigh me  
And sit thee down by me,  
For I am best pleas'd Wife  
When thou art most nigh me.

150 Oxford Drollery. Part III.

M. I scorn to sit by  
Such a block-headed Clown,  
Thou'rt not fit fer to touch  
The hem of my Gown :  
For I might have Gentlemen  
Proper and brave,  
I might live like a lady,  
And not like a slave.

M. Wife prethee be patient  
And be not offended,  
Let me know the cause wife,  
And all shall be mended.

M. I will have a Silk Gown,  
A Mask, and a Fan,  
And not walk abroad  
Without my man,  
And he shall be handsome  
And with a good face  
And not like unto thee  
Which dost me disgrace.

M. Wife prethee be quiet,  
And let it not move thee,  
Thou sha't have as good wife,  
Come kiss me and love me.

W. I'le have ev'ry morning  
brought me up  
A well sweetn'd Caudle  
In a Silver' Cup,  
And I'le lye a bed  
To take my ease,  
And go abroad when  
And where'a: I please.

M. Thou shalt have Horses wife,  
A Coach and a man,  
To drive for thy pleasure,  
Through Cheapside and Strand,  
And I will go with thee,  
And I will attend thee,  
My care shall be such Wife  
As none shall offend thee.

W. Thou art a block-head,  
An ass, and a fool,  
I think thee not fit  
To empty my stool:  
Thou hast neither courage,  
Manners nor wit,  
I think thee not worthy  
To kiss where I sit.

M. Come

*M.* Come huzzy be quiet,  
 I'le make you to know  
 The duty and service  
 Which to me you owe :  
 For I am your Husband,  
 And also your Head,  
 And therefore be you ready  
 Both at board and at bed.

*W.* All this will I do Sir,  
 And more if you crave,  
 I'le stoop to your shooe Sir  
 Your good will to have.

## A S O N G.

1. *A*s Willy once assay'd  
 To look for a Lamb that was stray'd  
 Upon a hill side, a bonny Lass he spy'd  
 Of whom he was well appay'd.
2. He resolved to court this Minion,  
 And was settled in his opinion, (down  
 Tae timerous clown, thought Phare had come  
 To meet with her Love Endimion.

3. Her

3. Her Cheeks like Roses blowing  
Her Lipps like Cherry's growing,  
Her eyes were as clear as the Snow upon the Pear,  
Or like to a Hedge-worm glowing.
4. He boldly slept unto her,  
His eyes shot affection through her,  
He cast away cares, and pricked up his ears,  
And thus he began to wooe her.
5. All hail, all hail my hony  
More dearer than ever was mony,  
I'le sell away the Lamb, and I'le give away the Dam  
To supp with a Ew so bonny.
6. Of nutts I will give thee plenty,  
Of red-sidied apples twenty,  
My butter I'le ease to make summer cheese,  
And my cream makes egg-pies dainty.
7. My Lambs new coat shall bear thee,  
No Daglock shall ever come near thee,  
The Capons of the town shall cuckle without down  
For want of a soft bed to bear thee.

8. My

154 Oxford Drollery. Part III.

8. My Bag-pipe Musick shall make thee  
Every morning with a Song will I wake thee,  
And at night I'll not fail to clap thy little tail,  
To make thy sad dumps forsake thee.

9. His lips to her's he laid  
She never a whit gainsaid,  
They joyn'd both their hands, and tied holy bands  
Which never till death decay'd.

---

*The Oxford Scholars going to see the King at Woodstock.*

Tune, *The Horns*

1. **T**He King and the Court,  
Desirous of sport,  
At *Woodstock* six days did lye,  
There came the Doctors,  
And the Sattin-sleev'd Proctors  
And the rest of the learned Fry.

2. Some faces did shine  
More with ale than with wine  
So that each man there thought,  
And indeed by their hue,  
~~As it was very true,~~  
They were better fed than taught.

3. A number beside,  
With their wenches did ride,  
For Scholars you know are kind,  
And riding before,  
Taey still evermore  
Did kiss their wenches behind.

4. A number on foot,  
Not a Cloak, nor a Boor,  
And yet to the Court they wou'd  
And all for to show  
How far they wou'd go  
To do his Majesty good.

5. But a Reverend Dean  
With his Band starch'd clean,  
Did preach before the King  
A Ring I espy'd,  
At his Band-string ty'd,  
Was not that a pretty thing.

6. The Ring, without doubt,  
Was that put him out,  
And made him forget what was next,  
And all that was there,  
Will say, and will swear,  
That he handled it more than his test.

Arsking

*A robbing Usurer Cheated.*

1. **A** Greedy minded griping Clerk  
 Had gather'd store of gold,  
 And study'd for a place secure  
 His hoarded heap to hold :  
 At last he cram'd his dressy pelf  
 Into an Iron Chest,  
 And wrote upon the top of it  
 These words, *H.c Deus est.*  
**A** crafty Sexton seeing it,  
 And greedy of the prey,  
 Came very secret in the night  
 And stole the Gold away,  
 And blotting out the Latin words  
 Which he had wrote thereon,  
 Wrote, *Resurrexit non est hic,*  
 Your Gold is risen and gone.

*The Frenchmans Arms and Harms.*

1. **A** Stranger coming to the Town  
 Went to the Flower de Luce,  
 A place which seem'd in outward shew  
 For honest men to use :

But

But being there a little while  
He met with one so right,  
That upon the French Disease  
It was his chance to light;  
And least that other men should fare  
As he did fare before,  
As he went out he writ it down  
And fix'd it on the Door,  
All ye that hither chance to come,  
Mark well e're you go in,  
The French-mans Arms are the sign without,  
But the French-mans harms are within.

---

*The Description of Tiburn.*

I've heard sundry men oft-times dispute  
Of trees that in one year will twice bear fruit:  
But if a man mark Tiburn, 'twill appear,  
That there's a Tree that bears twelve times a year:  
I muse it should so fruitful be, for why?  
I understand the root of it is dry:  
It bears no leaf, no blossom, nor no bud,  
The rain that makes them fruit fie is blood:  
I further note, the fruit that it produces  
Doth seldom serve for profitable uses,

Except

## 138 Oxford Drollery. Part III.

Except the skilful Chirugeons industry  
 Does make dissection, or anatomy :  
 It blossoms, budds, and bears all three together,  
 And in one hour doth live and die and wither,  
 Like Sodom apples they are in conceit,  
 For touch'd they turn to dust and ashes strait ;  
 Besides, I find this Tree hath never been,  
 Like other Fruit-trees, wall'd or hedged in,  
 But in the high-way standing many a year  
 It never yet was rob'd as I could hear :  
 The reason is apparent to our eyes,  
 That what it bears are dead Commodities :  
 And yet sometimes such grace to it is given  
 That dying Fruit is well prepar'd for heaven ;  
 And many times, a man may gather thence  
 Remorse, devotion, and true penitence :  
 And from that Tree, I think more Souls ascend  
 To that Celestial joy that ne're shall end,  
 I say more Souls from thence to heaven do come,  
 Than from all Church-yards throughout Christen-

dom :  
 The reason is, the Bodies all are dead,  
 And all the Souls to joy, or woe, are fled,  
 Perchance a week, a day, or two, or three,  
 Before they in the Church-yard buried be ;  
 But at this Tree in twinkling of an eye,  
 The Soul and Body part immediately,

There.

There the fatal parting blow doth strike,  
And in Chuch-yards is seldom seen the like :  
Besides, they are affited with the ~~Mis~~  
Of peoples charitable Prayers and Psalms,  
Which are the wings that lift the hovering Spirits.  
By Faith, through Grace, true Glory to inherit.  
Concerning this dead Fruit I noted, it  
Instead of paste, is put into a pit,  
And though laid up carefully in any place,  
Yet worm-eaten it grows in little spaces.  
My understanding can by no means frame,  
To give this fruit a fitter name  
Than medlars : for I find that great and small,  
To my capacity, are medlars all :  
Some say they're choak'd Pears, and some ~~say~~  
Do call 'em Hertichoaks, but 'tis most plain  
'Tis a kind of medlar it doth bear,  
Or else, I think, it never wou'd come there  
Moreover, where it grows, I find it true  
It often turns the herb of grace to Rue:  
Amongst all pot-herbs growing on the ground,  
Time is the least respected, I have found,  
And most abuse'd, and therefore one shall see  
No branch nor bud of it grow near this Tree ;  
For 'tis occasion of mans greatest crime  
To turn the use into abuse of time,  
When passions are let loose without a Bridle,  
Then precious time is turn'd to Love and Idles,

And

And that's the chiefest reason I can show  
 Why fruit on *Tiburn* doth so often grow.  
 There are inferiour Gallowses which bear,  
 According to the season, twice a year:  
 And there's a kind of watrish Tree at *VVapping*,  
 Where Pyrats or Sea-thieves are catched napping:  
 But *Tiburn* doth deserve before them all  
 The title and addition Capital,  
 Of great and only threefold Gallowse of the Land,  
 Whil'it all the rest like ragged Lascivies stand,  
 It hath like *Laws* full, and change, and quarters,  
 It like a Merchant, monthly trucks and barters,  
 But all the other Gallowses are fit  
 Like Chapman or poor Pedlars unto it:  
 Thus Jails and Jailors being here explain'd,  
 How both are good, and for good use ordain'd,  
 All sorts of hanging which I could surmise  
 I likewise have describ'd before your eyes,  
 And further having shew'd what *Tiburn* is,  
 With many more inferiour Gallowses,  
 My pen from paper with this prayer doth part,  
 God bless all people from their sins deser't.

*On the Weaver and his Wife.*

A Weaver being jealous of his wife, like many  
Still dream'd of horns, before he e're had any  
And for to know whether his dream were true,  
Sought more ways out than he had need to do.  
The last invention that this Weaver had,  
Which he thought very good, prov'd very bad,  
He goes to a Fryer, and intreats him fair  
To shrive his wife to ease him of his care.

This holy Fryer, that this man might know  
Whether his wife were honest, yea or no,  
Told him that he himself should be the Fryer  
To shrive her himself as he would desire,  
He sends him forth his habit and his Hood,  
Instructs him in his tone, and holy mood,  
With actions grave, and presence all divine,  
All things provided for this pointed shrine;  
He glad of this, to ease his jealous dreads,  
Prayes like a Friar, full often tells his Beads,  
And all things fit and ready as was meet,  
This holy weaving Fryer thus his wife did greet.

Sister, but first he bounds the holy knee,  
And makes his prologue benedicite,

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 The title and addition Capital,  
 Of great and only threefold Gallowse of the Land,  
 Whil'it all the rest like ragged Lacquies stand,  
 It hath like *Lana* full, and change, and quarters,  
 It like a Merchant, monthly trucks and barteres,  
 But all the other Gallowses are fit  
 Like Chapmen or poor Pedlars unto it:  
 Thus Jails and Jailors being here explain'd,  
 How both are good, and for good use ordain'd,  
 All sorts of hanging which I could surmise  
 I likewise have describ'd before your eyes,  
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Sister, bat first he bends the holy knee,  
And makes his prologue benedicty,

L.

Observe

162 Oxford Drollery. Part III.

Observe the secret Customs, and attend Confession  
That in your heart 't may make a great Impression,  
'Twill cast you down, and raise you up again  
To grieve for sin, then ease you of your pain :  
Wherefore conceal not from a holy Fryer  
One unchaste act, or an unchaste desire.

Gravely replies this witty wily Woman,  
I have done ill, my sins I needs must summon :  
My faults and deeds pardon pray good Father,  
For a young man oft and I did lye together,  
I also with an old man often times have lain,  
And with a Fryer too, which breeds my mickle pain.  
And is that all? Yes Sir. And doth it grieve you?  
Yes in truth doth it. Then I pray God forgive you,  
Depart in peace.; and thus this silly herted  
Grave Fryer-weaver and his Wife departed.

With post and speed he doth himself unsafe,  
He gets to's Loom, and frets at his disgrace :  
His Wfe that all this while did swell with laughter,  
First sees a modest look, then follows after ;  
When home she comes, at every shuttles cast  
She hears her Husband sing, his mirth was past,  
And as each hand the shuttle did deliver,  
A young man, and an old man, cryes the Weaver,  
And to the Web still pulling home the Comb,  
Cryes a Fryer too, and so he hits her home.

This

This Wife that demurely all this while  
Scarce could speak a word without a smile,  
Breaks silence thus, pray Husband what do'e mean?  
Faith I'm a Cuckhold Wife, and you're a Quean:  
And could no less than three serve your desire,  
A young man, an old man, and a Fryer?  
I'm glad I know, I have a trick will cool ye:  
Come come said she, jealousie doth befool ye,  
Were you not young, and are you not older grown,  
And were not you the Fryer if all were known,  
If I did then confess, and you did shrive me?  
I lay with no man else if you'll believe me;  
Therefore never more after me inquire,  
You were the old man, young man, and the Fryer.

If it be so, then let our strife be done,  
I was the Fryer indeed, be thou the Nun;  
I'll pardon thee, and what canst thou do less  
But pardon me, since I my faults confess.

---

*A Song call'd she went to bed in the dark.*

1. **M**Y Lady and her Maid  
Were late at course a Park,  
The wind blew out the Candle and  
She went to bed in the dark.

L. 2

2. My

2. My Lady and her Maid  
 Being on a merry pin,  
 They made a match at taunting  
 Who should the wager win,

3. Jane took the Candles then  
 And set them bolt-upright,  
 With the first fart she blew them out  
 With the next she gave them light,

4. Up start my Lady then  
 With all her might and main,  
 And blew them out, and in and out,  
 And out and in again,

*A Contest between the Court and Country,*

1. You Courtiers scorn us Country Clowns,  
 We Country Clowns do scorn the Court,  
 We can be as merry upon the Downes  
 As you are at midnight with all your spor:,  
 With a Fadding.

2. You hawk, you hunt, you lie upon pallets,  
 You eat, and drink, the Lords knows how,  
 We sit upon hillocks, and pick up our saltlets,  
 And sup up our Sullibubs under a Cow.  
 With a Fadding.

3. You

### Part III. Oxford Drollery. 165

3. Your Masques are made of Knights and Lords,  
And Ladies that are fresh and gay,  
We dance with such musick as Bag-pipes afford's,  
And trick up our Lasses as well as we may.

*With a Fadding.*

4. Your Suits are made of Silk and Sattin,  
And ours are made of good Sheeps gray,  
You mix your discourses with pieces of Latin,  
We speak our old English as well as we may.

*With a Fadding.*

5. Your Rooms are hung with cloath of *Arras*,  
Our Meadows are deck'd as fresh as may be,  
And from this pastime you never shall bar us,  
Since *Jone* in the dark is as good as my Lady.

*With a fadding.*

---

*On a great Frost 1634. by Mr. Cartwright of  
Christ-church.*

**S**How me those flames you brag of, you that be  
Arm'd with those two fires Wine and Poetry,  
You are now benumb'd spight of your god and verse  
And do your Metaphors for prayers rehearse,  
Whil'st you that call Snow Fleece and Feathers, do  
Wish for true Fleeces and true Feathers too.  
Waters have bound themselves, and cannot run,  
Suffering what *Xxxvii* fitters would have done,

Our Rivers now are Cristal, shoars are fit  
M rrors, being now not like to glass but it;  
Our Ships stand all as ploured, we may swear  
Taey are not born up only but grow there;  
Whil't waters thus are pavement, firm as stone,  
And without faith are each day walk'd upon,  
What parables (call'd folly) heretofore  
Were now discreet to build upon the shore:  
There's not one dines among us with wash'd hands  
Waters are scarcer here than Africk-sands:  
And we expect it not but from some God  
Opening a Fountain, or some Prophets Rod,  
Who need not seek out where he may unlock  
A stream, what e're he struck would be dry Rock,  
When Heaven drops some small shou're, our sence  
Of grief's increas'd, being but deluded thence,  
For whil't we those drops do entertain,  
They fall down pearl, which came down half rain:  
Greenland's removal, now the poor man fears,  
Seeing all water frozen but his tears,  
We suffer day continually and the Snow  
Doth make our little night become none now,  
We hear of some Snow-stal'd, such as have  
That which procur'd their death became their grave,  
Bodies that destitute of Souls, yet stood  
Dead and not fell, drown'd, and without a Flood,  
Nay we who breathe, still are almost as they,  
And only may be call'd a softer clay,

We stand like Statues, as if cast and fit  
For life, not having, but expecting it:  
Each one's become the Stoicks wife-one hence,  
For can you look for passion where's no sence  
Which we have not, resolv'd to our first stome,  
Unless it be one sence to feel which we have none.  
Our very Smiths now work not, nay what's more,  
Our Dutchmen write but five hours and give ore:  
VVe dare provoke fate, now we know what is  
That last cold death, only by suffering this:  
All fires are Vestal now, and we as they  
Do in our Chimny's keep a lasting day,  
Boasting within doors, this domestick Sun  
Adored too with our Religion:  
VVe laugh at fire Breifs now although they be  
Commended to us by his Majesty,  
And 'tis no treason, for we cannot ghesse  
Why we should pay them for their happiness,  
Each hand would be as Scavola's, let Rome  
Call that a pleasure henceforth, not a doom  
A feavor is become a wish we sit,  
And think fal'n Angels have one benefi'.  
Nor can the thought be impions, when we see  
Weather may give new Epocha's, and make  
Another (since) in his bold Almansack:  
Weather may save his doom, and by his foe  
Be thought enough for him to undergo:

VVc

We now think Alabaster true, and look  
 Another Trump should Antidate his Book,  
 For whil'it we suffer this ought we not fear  
 The world should not survive to a fourth year ?  
 And since we may conclude weak nature old  
 And crazed now, being she's grown cold.  
 But Frosts not all our grief, we that so sore  
 Suffer it's stay, fear it's departure more ;  
 For when that leaves us which so long hath stood,  
 'Twill make a new account from the second flood.

---

*On the dissolution of the Great Frost by Dr. Diggs.*

**V**Vhat must our eys melt too? waters oppress  
 And can they by a new supply fall less?  
 Can floods be wash'd away? or may we dry  
 The Channel up with fresh show'rs from the eye?  
 What comfort is in sorrow? What relief  
 From that which doth enlarge our cause of grief?  
 Bind up the eyes soft influence, for fear  
 You do increase these waters with a tear.  
 How could I wish the Frost's return again?  
 That punishment was precious, when rime  
 Fell down into a solid Pearl; when we  
 Were made the richer by our misery,  
 Each drop of silent dew was cloath'd with fleece  
 Of softer Silver, wealth unknown to Greece:

Did

Did not the fields of late more lovely show  
Whil' it they did penance in white Sheets of snow;  
The waters which do move above the Spheres  
(Whose murmurs pass for Musick in some ears,  
To enrich earth's humble valley) did combine  
And hence our Orb too, then was Cristalline:  
The wet we suffer'd did some pleasure bring,  
Midwinter did afford a standing Spring;  
The lszy waters crept along so slow,  
They seem'd not only glaz'd but leaded too:  
Was't not a pleasing paitime to behold  
*The Ssair* (with their own snow arm'd against cold)  
Wanton on Ice, the streams forget to glide,  
And they to swim too, and begin to slide:  
Had *Hellepons* been such a solid plain,  
It had nor blusht so with the guilty stain  
Of drown'd *Leander*: *Hero* had not lost  
His warm embraces, had they had our frost;  
But that's now perish'd: and the unlock'd stream  
At once flows in my pen, and is my Theam;  
His course no longer Silver fetters bears,  
All it's white Marble is wept out to tears:  
Let *Cleopatra* boast the costly shame  
Of the fam'd Liquor which it wants a name,  
The miracie's now frequent, every street  
Hath Pearl dissolv'd, we drink them with our feet.  
The former Deluge strongly was exprest'd  
VVhen F.sh on tops of Trees were laid to rest,

And float on mountains, but that's now a wish  
 Waters are plenty, but we see no fish,  
 Of late unwashen they sat down to meat  
 But were wash'd all day yet nothing eat :  
 It was commanded on the waters cast  
 Thy bread : 'twere madness so our corn to waste,  
 What harvest can he hope that drowns his grain ?  
 They surely reap in tears that sow in rain.  
 The Mead's are lost in Rivers, all the grass  
 Is become weeds, the plow'd Lands fluid glass :  
 But why so booted ? You can only float  
 Then sell your Horses off, and keep a Boar,  
 Unless you'll be confined to the Arks,  
 Of your own houses, as to fixed Burks :  
 To walk i' th' streets is a Sea-voyage, stones  
 Prove watry Rocks now, nay those purer ones  
 Travel not to a Lecture, (without doubt)  
 They fear their holy fires would be put out.  
 How have we sin'd that waters should be sen' (ment)  
 (Those which should cleanse our guilt) for punish-  
 Do not a softer title better fit ?  
 Ought we not rather to interpret it  
 A favour of kind Heaven ? for I dare say  
 The Birges now may come the Carriers way.

*On King James's Death.*

**C**an Christendom's great Champion sink away  
 So silently into a Bed of Clay ?

Can

Can such a Monarch die and yet not have  
Some Earthquake, for to open him a Grave ?  
Did there no Meteor fright this Universe ?  
No Comet light a Torch unto his barge ?  
VVas there no clap of Thunder to foretell  
All Christendom their loss, and ring his knell ?  
Impartial fate, I see that Princes then  
Though they live Gods, they die like other men,  
And the same passing-bell shall ring for them,  
That rung but now the beggars requiem :  
VWhen such a Soul is from the earth bereaven,  
Methinks there should be Triumphs made in heaven,  
The stars should run a Tilt at his decease,  
To welcome him into the place of peace,  
VWho lov'd peace whil'it he liv'd, and did strive  
Dying in peace to keep it still alive :  
No VVidow's curses, nor no Orphan's crys,  
Shall interrupt thy hallowed Obsequies,  
Their Husbands slain, nor their Fathers lost  
In bloody wars, shall wake thy peaceful Ghost ;  
Let thy great Predecessors boast the prize  
Of glorious, but yet bloody, Victories,  
Let them upon their Sepulchres expose  
Triumphs of war, and spoils of forrein foes,  
And glory that they turn'd their harvest field  
Into a pitch'd, their plow-shares to a shield ;  
So that in bloody furrows there were born,  
As many blades of steel as now of Corn :

Yet

## 173. Oxford Drollery. Part III.

Yet shall thy praise be greater, though thy joy  
 Was to plant Nations rather than destroy ;  
 Although no martial Trophy's speak thy praise,  
 And though no drops of blood stain thy Bysys :  
 Yet thy sure truth their greater fame controles,  
 They subdu'd Bodies, but thou conquer'it Souls :  
 Truth was thy Banner, the thrice sacred word  
 Thy Target, and thy Pen a two-edg'd Sword,  
 Wherewith thou didst resist and overcome.  
 The Heresies of Antichrist and Rome :  
 But whom the Spanishcraft, & me & Cannon shot  
 False Gowrye's Treason, Catesby's Powder-plot  
 Could not destroy : (for Heavens did him save)  
 A Feaver now hath melked to his Grave,  
 For being mortal, Fates could not invent  
 His passage by a Nobler Instrument,  
 Than his own blood, which made him comprehend  
 Within himself the glory of his end,  
 Much like a Circle : So rich Diamonds must  
 Be cut by nothing but a Diamonds dust :  
 Thus is our Sun let never to return,  
 Pay Tribute to his ever glorious Urn  
 All peaceful Souls, and with due reverence  
 Pay unto him your last benevolence  
 Of sighs and groans, then turn you from the west  
 And see the new Sun rising in the east.

F / N / S.



